

ODD ODES

HUGH ANTHONY MAKER



Class PS 3525

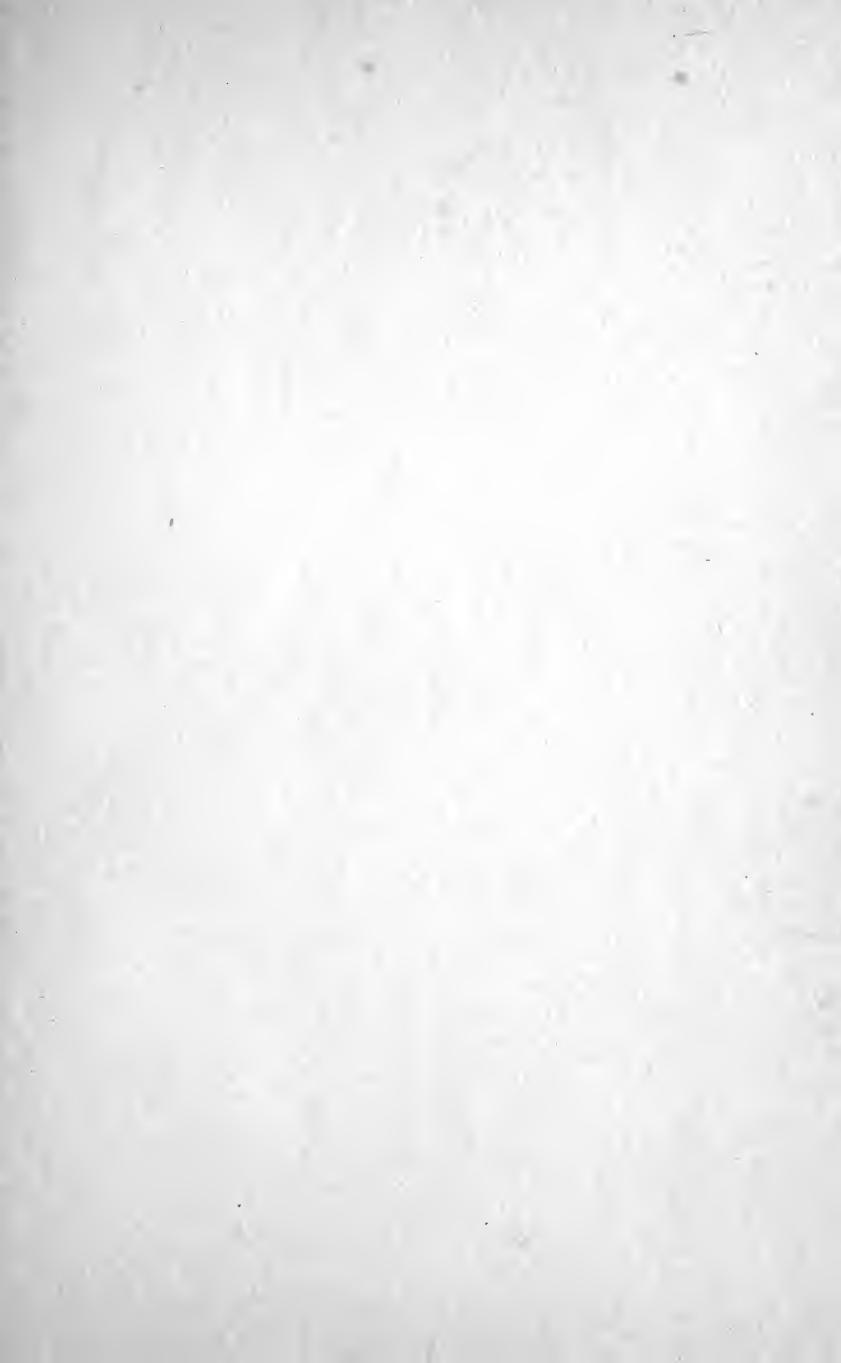
Book A 425 Q5

Copyright N^o 1906

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.









ODD ODES

By HUGH ANTHONY MAKER







Hugh Anthony Maker

ODD ODES

A SHORT VOLUME
OF SHORT POEMS

3
3
3 3 3
3 3
3 3 3

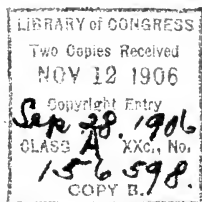
BY

HUGH ANTHONY MAKER

94

1906

PS 3525
.A425 O5
1906



COPYRIGHT 1901 AND 1906

BY

HUGH ANTHONY MAKER



*The Irvington Printshop
Indianapolis*

*To the Memory of
My Late Lamented Father*

Seth R. Mather, Esq.

This Book is lovingly inscribed

PREFACE.

IN the preparation of the following volume, it has been the aim of the Author to construct pieces harmonizing with the Philosophy that holds the Universe, when separated into its prime factors, to consist of Time, Space, Matter, and Motion; assuming as axiomatic,

That Time is infinite;

Space is illimitable;

Matter can not be annihilated;

Motion can not be destroyed;

That it is a natural law for matter to move through space, without reference to time, according to an impetus given it by a certain motion until acted upon by a second motion, when it moves in accordance to the second motion, or the second motion modified by the first, or the first modified by the second, and so on through a permutative series to Infinity.

We further hold that the complement of the action of Motion upon Matter is change. And in accordance with the law we have laid down, though each succeeding change is similar in general, it differs in particulars. This differing in particulars is Evolution; and through the process of Evolution, Matter resolves itself into those phenomena that give such exquisite charm unto Nature.

We would further impress our readers with the idea that in the world of material things there is

PREFACE

nothing supernatural; that that which appears to be supernatural is but the result of natural laws we do not understand.

Also: That the laws of nature are the laws of God; that if there be a personal deity at the head of the Universe, He does not speak Hebrew, Greek, or Arabic, more fluently than English; and further, if He has given any laws unto mankind, that He did not impart them to Moses on Mount Nebo, nor to Mohammed in a cave, nor to Joseph Smith on tablets of gold, but instead has manifested them in the various principles incarnate in Nature; has written them indelibly upon the geological strata; has demonstrated their accuracy in the movements of the stars.

We believe that science is yet in its infancy, and that the man who wishes to study the true word of God will find more of it in the scientific investigation of Nature than in all the pages of the Holy Writ.

Like Epicurus, we cleave to the tenet that "Pleasure is the chief end of man." When we say "pleasure," we do not mean licentiousness that degrades the mental, moral, and physical man; but such innocent amusements as tend to elevate and improve the man of this generation and leave a wholesome impression on the child of the next.

We believe, like Thomas Jefferson, that "All men are born free and equal." For prince and peasant alike come naked into the world, and, like the great

PREFACE

Saladin, carry nothing with them to the grave save their winding sheets. Being equal in birth, and of commensurate proportions in death, we believe—and fain would lead others to the same conclusion—that the highest attainment of human progress is the procuring and perpetuation of the inalienable rights of all men, namely, “Life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness.” And for a man to be able to assist in driving human progress toward such a goal, we believe it is incumbent upon every citizen to gather unto himself as much useful knowledge as his circumstances will permit of, and then use his best efforts to eliminate dogmatism from the church, untruthfulness from the press, and demagoguery from the state.

More, we would like to leave the impression that the United States of America is the grandest nation on the face of the earth; that it is but the culmination of centuries of search for liberty; that to make it the greatest nation that has ever existed,—the mightiest nation that will ever exist,—we have but to carry out the spirit of its founders, by scratching from the statutes each law that sanctions, and curb in every way we can, each tendency to revert to monarchy, and, on the other hand, strengthen every tendency toward democracy, and keep honest men in office.

Edgar Allen Poe, in his essay on “The Poetic Principle,” asserts, and maintains with good logic (and we hold with him), that a long poem does not

PREFACE

exist; that that which we concede to be a long poem is but a succession of shorter ones. Therefore most of the pieces in this volume are short, and in a few instances consist of two or more articles on the same subject coupled together.

Furthermore, all poetry of high order contains more substance than is actually expressed in its stanzas, and every true poem conveys some sort of a moral to the mind of the reader. Thus it has been our aim that such pieces as would not allow their peruser to read between the lines, or convey to his mind some sort of a moral, be excluded from this volume. In conclusion, if this book should cause one person to realize that existence is something grave, and life a sad reality, of short duration, not to be frittered away; should it cause him to think oftener, or reason more, or love better the inalienable rights of all men, it will be deemed a success by its author.

H. A. M.

*Carmel, Indiana, U. S. A.,
January 1st, 1900.*

ADDITIONAL PREFACE.

AFTER a lapse of nearly seven years, we find there is but little of the foregoing preface we desire to change. We have, however, decided to arrange the work in sections, and to add some poems we previously intended to omit. The sections are arranged as nearly as possible so as to group pieces of a kindred nature together. Although some of the sections are like the "infernial scoundrel and the honest man—so much alike we scarce can tell the two apart," we believe it is due to a preponderating tendency to philosophy, which to a greater or less degree pervades almost every piece.

Begging pardon of the literary public for our seemingly unnecessary delay, we remain its most humble and obedient servant,

H. A. M.

October 1, 1906.

INDEX

LITERARY SECTION—

The Mercenary Bard.....	21
The Road to Fame.....	22
The Defense of "The Raven".....	25
Poetical Suggestions.....	26
The Rhymers' Trade.....	28

PHILOSOPHICAL SECTION—

Why Should We Laugh at the Follies of Men	33
An Essay on Immortality.....	34
Turn Not a Word with a Man That Is Mad.	36
True Greatness.....	38
The Pleasing Happy Mean.....	40
The Field.....	42

EDUCATIONAL SECTION—

The Teacher.....	49
The Ode to Genius.....	51
The Commencement.....	52
Love on the Brain.....	53
The Place at the Top.....	54

POLITICAL SECTION—

Democracy	59
On the Destruction of the Boer Republics...	61
On Changing the Constitution in Regard to Religion.....	63
On the Spanish-American War.....	66
The Inaugural Address of 1901.....	69

INDEX

Two Campaign Songs of 1900—	
(a) Silver and Bryan.....	71
(b) The President's War.....	74
Primary Times in Hamilton County	76
Money and Brains.....	77
PERSONAL SECTION—	
Introduction of W. W. Pfrimmer.....	81
Viola and Christina.....	82
Mary.....	83
Epistle to Mary.....	84
"Gracie Divine".....	86
"Lillie Banker".....	87
The Handsome First Lady of Gray.....	88
Transition—A Congratulation.....	89
The Apology.....	90
To a Bachelor Friend.....	92
To Bert B. Ellis.....	93
To My Father.....	95
Back at Winona.....	97
If Man But Knew What Nature Knows.....	99
"Of the Making of Books There Is No End".....	101
Sonnet to a Critic.....	104
On a Young Man Choosing a Profession....	105
SPECULATIVE SECTION—	
The Grave.....	109
On the Location of Heaven.....	111
On the Form of the Spirit.....	113
RELIGIOUS SECTION—	
Upon Forgiveness.....	119
A Sermon.....	120

INDEX

Hymn	121
The Paramount Thought.....	123
On the Power of the Infinite.....	125
The Deacon's Desire.....	127

SUNDRY SONNETS TO POPE LEO XIII—

I	131
II	132
III	133
IV	134
V	135
VI.....	136

SPARKOLOGICAL SECTION—

Dedication....	141
Don't Forget the Giver.....	143
Unhampered, Unloved, and Alone.....	144
The One that Loves You the Best of All....	145
When	146
The Lady I Am Looking For.....	148
To the One that I Love.....	149
Fain Would I Be with the Lady I Love....	150
The Dream.....	151
The Closet Just Under the Stair.....	153
Sonnet	155

ENIGMATIC SECTION—

Dedication.....	159
Preface	160
Explanation	160
Every Lover Hath a Loved One.....	161
My Lady ...	162
Mystery	163
Enigma	164

INDEX

Spenserian Stanza.....	165
A May-Day Offering.....	166
Double Handicap.....	167
"Kind Hearts Are More than Coronets"....	168
Sonnet	169
Nature's Shine, in Gleam So Fine.....	170
Sonnet	171
MISCELLANEOUS SECTION—	
As Down through Life's Dreary Desert I Wind	175
The Present.....	176
My Trinity.....	178
The Bachelor's Lament.....	179
The Benedict's Pæan.....	180
On the Fall of Man	181
An Episode.....	182
"Hell" and "Hades".....	183
Little Willie.....	184
The "Governor's" Advice to His Son.....	185
Conceit in Youth	186
An Application for a Job	187
Distance.....	188
My Refuge.....	190
A Retort.....	192
The Unchallenged Story.....	194
The Appointed Time To Die.....	196
Early Memories.....	198
Strolling at Midnight.	200
Sonnet to White River.....	202
Sonnet to Spring.....	203
Parody of the Translation of the First Eight Lines of "The Dying Child," by Hans Christian Andersen.....	204
Finis	205

Literary Section

To the Memory of the Late

Bernard Goldsmith

The Patron of My Youth

*To whom I am indebted for much classical
knowledge and more general
literary information*

INDEX TO LITERARY SECTION—

The Mercenary Bard

The Road to Fame

The Defense of "The Raven"

Poetical Suggestions

The Rhymers' Trade

THE MERCENARY BARD

The hand that wields a hireling pen
Can but commit a sort of crime,
To put disgust in minds of men
For noblest thoughts in rhyme.

To prove the truth that I aver
I need but use the simplest modes,
And ask the reader to refer
Unto the "Laureate's" birthday odes.

When for a price my verse is wrought,
'Tis void of everything sublime,
For Rhyme forsakes my every Thought,
And Thought forsakes my Rhyme.

When imprints are by impulse brought,
My being seems a perfect chime;
Rhyme exists in every Thought,
And Thought in every Rhyme.

June, 1893.

THE ROAD TO FAME

The road to Fame is a dangerous road,
With many a crook and turning;—
Those that travel it bear a load
Of longing, hope, and yearning.

Few are the youths that ever dream
Of the task they are beginning,
So dazed are they by the worthless gleam
Of the prize they hope of winning.

He who threads its early shades,
Shall know ere he's o'ercome it,
That it leads o'er a series of terraced grades
Toward a snow-capped, sunlit summit.

Each weary traveler shall also learn,
Ere he is Fame's adorer,
That chasms yawn at every turn,—
A gulch rounds every corner.

He shall find it consists of "ups and downs,"
Yet ever upward tending,—
That each alternate prospect smiles or frowns,
From its start, unto its ending.

THE ROAD TO FAME

He shall also see its path divide
At each turn, each hill and hollow,
And find no finger-board or guide,
To tell which prong to follow.

He in this easy sort of way
May from the right road sever;
By it be led so far astray
He's lost to Fame forever.

He shall ever find this road patrolled,
By one that is "strictly in it,"
Whose position is such he can lay hold
Of his victim any minute.

Why! He is present at the birth,
And faithfully attending,
Escorts him through his days of earth,
And claims him at their ending.

"Death," is the uncased *nom de plume*
Of this effete bravado,
That blights his prospects ere they bloom
Or kills him in the shadow.

When he has passed the dangers all,
His goal is an object real;
He finds his reward to be amply small
Compared with his ideal.

THE ROAD TO FAME

He shall find the object for which he strove,
A sort of an empty bubble;
Like the search for many a treasure trove,
Was worth not half the trouble.....

I would not change from men to mice,
Those whom I might call brothers,
Yet I would tender good advice,
To "would-be" bards and others.

THE DEFENSE OF "THE RAVEN"

There is a class of demons
Who insist it was the "tremens,"
Burning their existence into a being's core;—
That their ghastly spectres strolling
Past a giant mind's controlling,
Were the very means of tolling
The knell of "Nevermore;"—
The quaint, immortal dirge of "Never—Never-
more."

Never was a dart more heinous,
Aimed at the heart of genius;—
Never did true inspiration receive severer blow;—
'Twas but the quaint revealing
Of those strange outbursts of feeling
That come o'er the senses stealing,
That the Gifted only know;—
That the truly, purely Gifted e'er can know.

And, in truth, the mighty sequel
Is, "The Raven" has no equal,
In our language of the present, or our literature of
yore;
And the future will be tacit
As to poems that outclass it,—
They may equal,—not surpass it,—
As in days that passed before;—
It shall be to rhyme a model in our tongue "For-
evermore."

POETICAL SUGGESTIONS

Man has never written poem,
Pro or con on any question,—
Ballad, rondeau, sonnet, proem,—
Without the aid of some suggestion.

Thus we have the corollary,
Demonstrating beyond question,
Something, though but ordinary,
Always gives him the suggestion.

Scenes from his father's humble dwelling,—
Father, mother, son and daughter,—
Suggested all that Burns is telling,
In his story of the "Cotter."

Byron gazing upon Harrow,
From the scene drew inspiration
Of which many fain would borrow,
In poetic contemplation.

As Woodworth read the lines of Byron,
A poetic dream passed o'er him;—
The oaken bucket bound in iron,
And its surroundings rose before him,

Set his poetic lyre to twanging,—
With such mastery he struck it,
A Woodworth's fame to-day is hanging
On the bail of that old bucket.

POETICAL SUGGESTIONS

A rural home by clear Hockhocking,—
Not some deep unfathomed riddle,
Nor occurrence strange or shocking,—
Suggested "Cabin Home" to Biddle.

Our theme becomes not less endearing,
Nor the illustration darker,
To read the "Cabin in the Clearing,"
By our old friend, Ben S. Parker.

'Twas not suggested by some hobby,
Or something most extraordinary,
But by the death of "Little Robbie,"
And the sainted life of "Mary."

Thus we say,—and with consistence,—
It is a theory fully tested,
Every poem in existence,
Has by something been suggested.

November 23, 1903.

THE RHYMERS' TRADE

The Rhymers' trade is the making of gems,—
The coining of aphorisms,
The proper placing of apothegms,
And arranging of syllogisms.

The cleverly weaving into song,
Of choicest bits of story;—
The expressing in rhythmic metre strong
The pith of allegory.

The setting well of priceless truth
In figures of matchless metre,
That it may appeal the more to youth,
And adults may think it sweeter.

The retaining of that which the bard deems fit
Of the hateful stuff called rumor;—
The preserving of brilliant flashes of wit,
And the infinite jests of humor.

The blending in sweet, harmonious rhyme,
Of fact and strange delusion;—
Of quaint, ridiculous, queer, sublime,
In elaborate profusion.

With zeal like an ardent votary true,—
To his art in true oblation,
All this and more doth the Rhymer do,
As he plys his queer vocation.

Philosophical Section

*This Section is respectfully dedicated
to my esteemed Friend*

J. S. Byers, M. D.

*As a token of the high personal regard
in which he is held by me*

INDEX TO PHILOSOPHICAL SECTION—

Why Should We Laugh at the Follies of Men?

An Essay on Immortality

Turn Not a Word with a Man That Is Mad

True Greatness

The Pleasing Happy Mean

The Field

•

WHY SHOULD WE LAUGH AT THE FOLLIES OF MEN ?

Why should we laugh at the follies of men,
Or smile at some slight eccentricity shown?
For does it never occur to us then,
Some similar freak may be one of our own.

Surely that man bears a load of conceit,
Who imagines himself of such accurate ways,
As to make his exterior appear so complete,
As to look as perfection in every one's gaze.

He who flatters himself that "I am exempt
From the foibles that freight all the rest of man-
kind,"
Is an object as fit for fullest contempt,
As ever omnipotent nature designed.

In fact, I think that I need not repeat,
Could each view himself with some other man's
eyes,
Many would part with a load of conceit,—
Many faces assume quite a look of surprise.

For we truly believe that the horrible sight,
Of miserable ghost, or of mischievous elf,
Could produce in most men not half so much fright,
As one good wholesome view of himself.

AN ESSAY ON IMMORTALITY

No one of mean or royal birth,
 Whate'er his race or name may be,
But hath eternal days on earth,—
 An earthly immortality.

At death each of our several lives
 Does not wholly cease to be,
But in a manner still survives
 In deeds or in posterity.

The children's birth,—the parents' loss,—
 Are as metal when refined;
A process that casts off the dross,
 And leaves the metal pure behind.

Each and every one of us,
 Despite humility or pride,
Is but a sort of omnibus,
 Where our progenitors ride.

We call it death,—the parent dies,
 Is seen no more in haunts of men,
Yet from his children's sparkling eyes,
 He's mirrored to the world again.

We see the dullness, or the fire,
 In every deed and action done,
That was extant within the sire,
 Reincarnate in the son.

AN ESSAY ON IMMORTALITY

We see each lineament of grace,
That in the mother's form was seen,
Reflected from the daughter's face,
Or silhouetted in her mein.....

It seemeth strange,—but yet 'tis true,
The time shall come when we shall be,
Known in this world by X-ray view,
Caught up from our posterity.

Let's make our several conducts thus,
That then there shall no trace be seen
In those whose lineage runs to us,
Of inebriate or libertine.

With scruples let us fill the place
Designed by nature's stern degree;
As wardens of the human race,—
The guardians of posterity.

TURN NOT A WORD WITH A MAN THAT
IS MAD

Turn not a word with a man that is mad,—
'Tis not a falsehood that I wish to disclose,
But truth, simple truth (the most pure to be had)—
For his reason hath fled when his choler arose.

Woman is but the twin sister of man,
With passions the same; I would have you infer,
When she is angered,—just doubt if you can,—
Reason is wholly unknown to her.

Think not I've at hasty conclusions arrived,
Or that the premise my logic refutes,—
But the woman or man of reason deprived
Is on an identical plane with the brutes.

When God made the mind of which man is so
proud,—
That power by which he such mastery wields,—
It was then that mankind was with reason endowed,
To distinguish the race from the beasts of the
fields.

TURN NOT A WORD WITH A MAN THAT IS MAD

If the person that's angered is prone to reflect,
Leave him alone in his wrath for a while,
For an humble apology one can expect
When reflection in time sets him free from his
guile.

If he nurses his wrath as the seasons retreat,
Till passion's dark cloud all his virtues bedim,
Let him go!—As one "Wise in his conceit,
There's more hope of a fool than of him."

TRUE GREATNESS

We learn this much from out the classic lore,
That seven cities claimed the Homer dead;—
In those same cities (in rags from door to door),
The living Homer sang and begged his bread.

So long as voices shall be lifted up to sing,—
So long as harps, and lutes, and lyres are strung,—
So long the labyrinth of time shall ring,
With strains that the immortal Homer sung.

Once there did exist a man named Poe,
Who lived in penury and died in want;—
Throughout the years that are to come and go,
His name and works will ever be extant.

In life unrecognized his actual worth,
An unappreciating public did his work ignore;
Yet, alongside of the truly great of earth,
His name is shining now and will "Forevermore."

Again, there lived in Judea's land a man
Whose greatest trait was not the gift of song;
But worked His way upon a broader, nobler plan,
And lost His life contending with the wrong.

TRUE GREATNESS

Though the populace His every truth denied—
Did Him revile—His very being sought—
Though Him they stripped, and scourged, and crucified,
They did not crucify the truths He taught.

'Tis not within the scope of any one to say,
When the works of Christ shall wholly cease to be;
Just how and when His words shall pass away,
His splendid aphorisms lose their potency. . . .

Time is the test true greatness must endure,
Ere it can show an uncontested claim,
Dispel the cloud that makes its title insecure,
Establish rights to everlasting fame.

True greatness stands the trying test of time;
For it is a gem possessed of such a ray,
The flood of years quench not its gleam sublime,
But brighter wears "as ages roll away."

THE PLEASING HAPPY MEAN

Half-way between the zenith and the nadir lies
The Earth, the best place known for man to dwell;
And of all the Worlds that roam about the skies,
If there a better is, no one has deigned to tell.

'The best of hours that fill duration's sphere,
'Twixt the beginning and the end of time,
Is the potent Now,—the moment that is here,—
The present, with its gracious gifts sublime.

'Twixt summer's heat and winter's bitter cold,
When spring flowers come, or autumn fruits are
here,
Exist the days the poets have extolled,
The sweetest, best, and brightest of the year.

'Tween silly youth and sad, decrepit age,
Lies what is known as manhood's sturdy prime,
'Tis then we may in enterprise engage,
To fix our "Footprints on the sands of time."

The best point known upon the social plane,—
The one in which the person is the nearest free,
Is where virtue, temperance, honesty, in jointure
reign,
Unsoiled by wealth,—unstained by poverty.

THE PLEASING HAPPY MEAN

The happiest nation upon this Earth to-day,
Is that state unknown, that so conducts affairs,
Its rulers with unquestioned truth can say,
“We have no poor—we boast no millionaires.”

The religious state appealing most to sense,
Is that between the infidel and zealot schools,
That gives to its possessors a proper reverence,
Keeps from atheism, nor makes them bigot fools.

Nature's thinking student can only but arrive,
At one conclusion in his philosophic dream;—
That nature ever seems to struggle and to strive
For equilibrium,—not for vain extreme.

To him it will be more than clearly seen,
That every several subject teems
With something like a pleasing happy mean,
That lies half-way betwixt its two extremes.

THE FIELD

All boastful knowledge hath revealed,
All subtle science hath unsealed,
Or invention made the ages yield,
Are but the products of one field.

All æsthetic art hath shown,
Or sculpture wrought in bronze or stone,
To illustrate the great unknown,
Are fruits of this same field alone.

Oratory's rhythmic flow,
Poetry's ecstatic glow,
Music's accents,—sweet and low,—
Like down from off its surface blow.

The mental things that daily feed
Us with desires that ever plead
For nobler thought or better deed,
From this field spring like vernal weed.

Inceptions of things great or base
That lead to honor or disgrace,—
To mountains climb or rainbows chase,—
Originate in this same place.

THE FIELD

Too, might it well be understood,
That all those votive deeds of good
That mark true man or womanhood,
Are mast of this field's choicest wood.

Perhaps your minds with fancies fraught,
Are into expectation wrought,
Wondering this field's name,—if aught;—
We answer 'tis the Field of Thought.

Why! Such of eruditions minions
As would soar on learning's pinions,
In the "Monarch thought's dominions,"
Seek the "stuff" for their opinions.

Such as forge out His'try's link,
Biding nations rise or sink,—
Who wonders work "in blood or ink,"—
In every case are those who think.

This field is not what one would call,
A narrow, stinted area small,
Encompassed round by mighty wall;—
'Tis open, free, with room for all.

Yet it was not always free,
For when we pry in history,
'Round it lucid minds can see
Palisades of bigotry.

THE FIELD

Sordid days of mental greed,
When bigot potentates decreed,
That every thought, and word, and deed,
Must be in harmony with creed.

When thoughts that might an age illumine
Were forced to meet a common doom;—
For authority decreed the womb
In which they grew should be their tomb.

Ah! Wicked cruel days were they,
When men did think but dared not say;—
Let's hope and trust that bigot's sway
Has forever passed away.

Each of us should try to learn
The truth, for which we all should yearn,
And give ourselves the most concern,
That such regime does not return.

And hail this age's precious dower,
That the boastful bigot's power
Has fallen from its ancient bower,
And thought grows freer every hour.

With all the ancient barriers down
(No matter who may smile or frown),
From President to vulgar clown,
May in its precincts seek renown.

THE FIELD

For free thought is not now a crime,
And any one, at any time,
Can dress a thought, grand or sublime,
In oratory, prose, or rhyme.

Each one now, with justest pride,
May any chosen hobby ride
Into thought's arena wide,—
There view a truth from any side.

Though people may be lame or blind,
Deaf, untaught, or unrefined,
Can cultivate,—if so inclined,—
The royal graces of the mind.

Though bacchanals may toast and drink,
And punning wags may nod and blink,
And purse-proud people show their “chink,”
Success accrues to those who think.

Then let it be right here revealed,
That those who greatest influence wield,
Are those whose wits and nerves are steeled
To highest culture of the field.

So while we cling to being's link,
Each one of us should try to drink
In all the truth expressed in ink,—
And most of all,—profoundly think.

Educational Section

INDEX TO EDUCATIONAL SECTION—

The Teacher

The Ode to Genius

The Commencement

Love on the Brain

The Place at the Top

THE TEACHER

The greatest teacher that ever has taught
The most valuable lessons to youth,
That the brightest and best illustrations have
wrought,
Of the infinite value of truth—

Was it a prophet, with prophecies grand,
On which great religions to found?
Or warrior with myriad hosts at command,
Some king to strike to the ground?

Was it a poet with volume immense,
Who could all the language command,
Who for rhythm or sound could sacrifice sense,
By merely a turn of the hand?

Was it a professor for knowledge renowned,
With an LL.D. to his name,
Who had earnestly sought, and the pathway had
found,
To the sphere of legitimate fame?....

Those making the deepest impressions on thought,
Who gave unto science a plan,
From their infancy up, have ever been taught
By a different genius than man.

THE TEACHER

Those folks who display intellectual force,—
Whom we giants of intellect call,
Draw all of their learning from one common source,
That in truth is not human at all. . . .

Natural phenomena “uttereth speech,”
That telleth Dame Nature to be
The greatest of teachers that ever did teach
Truth from fallacies free.

If we carefully take into strictest account,
All the phases of physical things,
Nature looms up as the wondrous fount,—
The source from which all knowledge springs.

THE ODE TO GENIUS

Does not my gifted Lady know
'Tis more the pupil than the school?—
That learning's but a tinsel show,
When grafted on a fool?

We meet with those whose learnings fit
Them with a Newton's mind to vie,—
Like Tycho Brahe, lack the wit
That learning to apply.

Nature doth impart a strain,
No teacher can supply,
Incessant toil can not attain,
And wealth can never buy.

The gift of genius stands for more
Than highest college's degree,
Of "Master," "Fellow," "Bachelor,"
Or "Doctor of Philosophy."

Our verse may something recommend,
In which we can not both concur,—
Yet genius privileges extend
That no diploma can confer.

THE COMMENCEMENT

If gift of prose or poetry were mine,
I would subject your patience to invasion;
And forge some classic phrase or metred line
To fitly celebrate this grand occasion.

For this is the all-eventful eve,—
The eve of graduation,—
When of the class you take your leave,
And seek some other station.

School days are gone, ne'er to return,—
They're part of memory's treasure;
But in the future thou wilt learn
To think of them with pleasure.

May not this happy event prove
The capstone of your education,
But merely as a sort of groove
Mark the top of its foundation.

May the knowledge thou hast acquired,
Prove no fleeting chattel;—
By it may you be much inspired,
As with life's trials you battle.

LOVE ON THE BRAIN

You will kindly excuse me for the thought that
imbues me,

And allow me a chance to explain;—

If you seek the high station of a good education.

You must not get love on the brain.

So be not offended by truths here extended,—

To school a young lady is vain,

Be she ever so clever, it is fruitless endeavor

When once she gets “boy on the brain.”

The law has no scruples when applied to male pupils,

For all of its merits obtain;

In school or in college, they can not gain knowledge,

When once they get “girl on the brain.”

Remember, dear teachers, you are frail human creatures,—

(All we tell you is but for your gain)—

You will get along better to spurn Cupid's fetter,

And never “get love on the brain.”

It would be a good feature for pupil and teacher

A discipline strict to maintain,

By carefully turning their minds all to learning,

And “cutting out” “love on the brain.”

THE PLACE AT THE TOP

Though the tasks of this life be many or few,
We should try each task to do well;
Whatever may fall in our pathway to do,
In that we should strive to excel.

Those who earnestly try to excel in their line,
Who their more careless fellows surpass,
Are measuring up to the worthy design,
That marks them as head of their class.

He who masters a trade, a profession, or art,—
Plys his calling sufficiently good,
Is filling the place,—is playing the part
That nature intended he should.

They who ably attend their domestic affairs,—
Be it farm, or office, or shop,—
Will always be able to find room upstairs,
An honorable place at the top.

August 2, 1901.



Political Section

INDEX TO POLITICAL SECTION—

Democracy

On the Destruction of the Boer Republics

On Changing the Constitution in Regard to
Religion

On the Spanish-American War

Inaugural Address of 1901

Two Campaign Songs of 1900

(a) Silver and Bryan

(b) The President's War

Primary Times in Hamilton County

Money and Brains

DEMOCRACY

Incarnate in nature, a principle lies,
That the actions of ages have tested;
Its voice has bidden free nations to rise
As philosophy's teachings suggested.

To the children of men it has served as a light,—
As a beacon intended to lead 'em
From the primeval gloom of monarchy's night
To the broad, open highway of freedom.

In words was that principle clearly defined,
To men and all his descendents,
When Jefferson drew from his masterly mind
The scroll that declared independence.

Its epitome shines in the one phrase alone,
"That all men are born free and equal;"—
For a century past has that apothegm shone,
And all the world knows the sequel.

With valor did Jackson that doctrine defend,
With vigor did Lincoln apply it;
And Bryan has shown that he is its friend,
And only a fool would deny it.

DEMOCRACY

In vain have the monarchs of centuries past
Tried to surpass one another
In spying out means sufficiently vast
Its spirit forever to smother.

When tyranny layeth her vigilance by,
Its spark into brilliancy flashes;
As oft as oppression may cause it to die,
It will Phoenix-like rise from its ashes.

Though the powers that oppose it may outnumber
Hell,
And all of its regions infernal,
They are not enough its powers to dispel,—
'Tis a principle, fixed and eternal.

Through history's pages we easy can trace
The case to successful solution,—
That Democracy formeth the chemical base,
Of our Nation's most blest Constitution.

Nor does it conclude, a person must rise
To a plane as high as a steeple,
Before he can see that sovereignty lies,
Not in kings,—but the will of the people.

So long as Democracy is kept alive,
And the people its principles cherish,
So long shall the blessings of Freedom survive.
And Liberty never shall perish.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BOER REPUBLICS

Though the armies of Britain have swept the
Transvaal,
Have driven to exile the gallant "Oom Paul,"
Have ruthlessly seized with vicious design
The picturesque realm of President Steyn;—

Though the triumph of Britain is full and complete,
It does not obliterate Buller's defeat;
Nor does it disprove that England has sold
Ages of prestige for diamonds and gold.

Considering the life and the treasure it cost
To win as she has, Great Britain has lost;
For "The Empire" has shown, while smiting the
Boer,
A weakness her enemies knew not before.

By pursuing a policy utterly mean,
England has shortened the life of her Queen;
Besides, she has fixed an indelible stain
On the unwonted close of a glorious reign.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF THE BOER REPUBLICS

As time speeds along, it can never be said
That Liberty's spirit forever is dead;
Though Kings may look sullen and Emperors
frown,
Like the famed ghost of Banquo, it never will
down.

"You may break, you may shatter, the vase if you
will,
But the scent of the roses will cling round it still;"
Thus while the Transvaal has "kopje" or dell,
So long in that land that spirit shall dwell.

Nor does it result from the recent melee
That in British success mankind is more free;
Nor does that success throw open the door
To one single home for well-to-do poor.

No! Instead, it merely unfurls
Opportunities grand for lords, dukes and earls;
Will furnish a place for each leech of the crown,
To go seek the baubles of wealth and renown.

ON CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION IN REGARD TO RELIGION

Proud should every American be,
To know that he lives in this land of the west
That has long been the home of the brave and the
free,
The refuge for all the world's wronged and op-
pressed.

For each one can point with the justest of pride,
(Deep sanguine pride that should not abate),
To the parts of our statutes that strictly provide,
"There shall be no union of church with the
state."

For this cause alone should each one rejoice,—
Should consider himself as signally blest,—
For his prayers can ascend to the God of his choice,
And no one on earth even dares to molest. . . .

When the church and the state are in unity blended,
With the act that so wills is our best right laid
low,—
The days of our freedom are practically ended,
And liberty's form is crushed by the blow.

ON CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION

For then some one would have the dominion,
Over the tenets of some other's mind,—
The finest example,—should we use our opinion,—
Of the essence of tyranny, doubly refined.

The fathers they bled for a chance to ordain it,
The mothers they wept for each drop as it fell;
Should we, as their offspring, fail to maintain it,
'Twould a sad tale of ingratitude tell.

Yet in our land are those so despotic,—
Those with their minds so basely deranged,—
As to make them so utterly unpatriotic,
As to wish that our blest Constitution was
changed;

Those so debased in their mental decisions,
As to think that our country is sadly in need
Of changing its statutes' most blessed provisions
To suit some bigot's dogmatical creed.

Those thus misled are demented in reason,
Or their breasts are aglow with an unholy flame,
As vague, as impure, as unhallowed as treason,—
As fit for contempt,—as worthy of shame.

ON CHANGING THE CONSTITUTION

And they that would be as silent spectators
To the minutest change in that valuable scroll,
Stand in the rank and the file with the traitors,
Side unto side, and cheek unto jowl. . . .

He who insists that changes are needed,
Should at once be transferred to the land of a
throne,
Where the laws of the state and the monarch are
creeded,
And the creed be directly opposed to his own.

September 8, 1890.

ON THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

When the Stars and the Stripes over "Morro" are
flying,*

When on suppliant knee recalcitrant Spain
Is suing for peace,—has ceased her denying
The fact that her agents destroyed "The Maine;"

When with the valor of fabled Achilles,
For humanity's sake,—not unscrupulous gain,—
We have wrested "the pearl of the lovely Antilles"
Forever from under the scepter of Spain;

Though long be the tale, or short be the story,
The conflict be brief, or the combat be sore,
Our country will win a circlet of glory
That was never accorded a nation before.

As the vast panorama of nations is shifted,
To an air that is rendered by a "concert of
powers,"
Sovereigns will bow, and crowns will be lifted,
In deference due this republic of ours.

*General Fitzhugh Lee sent word to General Weyler by the
pilot who took "The Fern" out of the harbor, that
"The Fern" would be the last American vessel to leave
Havana while the Spanish flag flies over Morro. Thus
it occurred to me that, when the Spanish flag ceased to
fly over the fortress, for a time at least the Stars and
Stripes would fly in its place.

ON THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

Though kings may deny, and cabinets dissemble,—
May vow they are strong, when in truth they
are weak,—
Monarchs will quake, and thrones they will tremble,
Whenever our country has reasons to speak.

Then as a people intensely delighted,
We'll rejoice in the fact that the struggle is o'er;
That our differing States are cemented,—United,—
In union much stronger than ever before.

For we will have forgotten some sad recollections
(A fact all our people can highly extol)—
This bickering zeal bestowed upon sections
Will forever be lost in the pride of the whole.

We will also have learned some lessons substantial
That will deeply pervade each American heart,
With knowledge pertaining to matters financial
And that substance so subtle, diplomacy's art.

Nor will all of the good accrue to this nation,
But will rather instead for the whole world obtain,
In extending the bounds of civilization,
And giving more breadth unto liberty's plain.

ON THE SPANISH-AMERICAN WAR

“The war,” says Crispi, “has unpleasant surprises,”
But well does the veteran of Italy know,
That as monarchy wanes, democracy rises,
With face all aflush with liberty’s glow.

As a government’s power by the governed is
granted,
Ere many decades we shall probably see
Some kingdoms of Europe by republics supplanted,
Their princes dethroned, their people made free.

May 29th, 1898.

TWO CAMPAIGN SONGS

Those who in ninety-six blundered,
With oblivion flirted like "Bill,"*
In the glorious year nineteen-hundred,
May return to the fold if they will;
If their heads are yet so unlevel,
As to make them self-set in their way,
They can simply just go to the——
Evil one's regions and stay.
May the salt tears never grow dry on
The cheeks of those traitors so bold,
Who deserted the standard of Bryan,
For McKinley, or Palmer, or Gold.

Should we when we deal with our islands,
Ignore their citizens' wills?
While the law for New England's highlands
Applies to New Mexico's hills?
It is nothing but base prostitution,
To secure a few rich men some "swag,"
When we let not our blest Constitution,
Walk hand in hand with the flag.
With our old friends, "Mike" and "Bill"
Ryan,
We will stand in the ranks as of old
And thrust in our ballots for Bryan,—
To Sheol with this dogma for Gold.

*"Bill"—William D. Bynum.

TWO CAMPAIGN SONGS

NOTE TO THE PRESIDENT'S WAR

The Philippine war stands on the pages of history as a monument to the erring judgment of President McKinley, and will forever furnish an example of Shakespeare's aphorism, "The evils men do live after them." Had he listened more to the dictates of justice and not so much to the clamor of exploiters, he would have deprived history of one disgraceful page.

The Hon. Thomas E. Boyd was selected as a national speaker for the campaign of 1900, and a peroration of his, as near as I remember, was, "Where sleep the bones of our soldier dead on the burning sands of Luzon, no other flag shall e'er salute the dawn," which R. M. Isherwood, of the *Noblesville Democrat*, delighted to refer to as "Tom Boyd bleaching his bones on the sands of Luzon," etc. These and some other things are responsible for "The President's War" as I have written it, and I take pleasure in dedicating it to Comrades Dr. Albert R. Tucker and Hon. Henry M. Caylor.

(B) THE PRESIDENT'S WAR

There comes an awful tumult from the Orient afar,
Like the rattling and the rumbling of a broken rail-
way car;
'Tis the loud reverberation of the presidential war,
Of the President's awful war.

We read with thrills of horror how our generals act
the brute;
And how our noble soldier boys bayonet and shoot,
Trample Right and Constitution both squarely un-
der foot,
In this, the President's war.

TWO CAMPAIGN SONGS

Yet as truly awful as all of this may be,
On due deliberation, it somehow seems to me,
We are yet to tell you of a worse calamity,
In this, the President's war.

For we hear the patient voters are soon to be annoyed
By the peanut fakir logic of Comrade Thomas Boyd,
Whom they say that Marcus Hanna has so recently employed
To defend the President's war.

We know what Tom will rave about, will storm
and puff and blow,
Will vow that all true patriots are ever thus and so;
When it comes down to enlistment, Tom would be
the last to go
And fight in the President's war.

Yet Tom Boyd's body will lie rotting in Luzon,
The jackals and the buzzards will be feasting there-
upon,
The festive soul of Thomas to the bow-wows will
have gone,
Ere ends the President's war.

PRIMARY TIMES IN HAMILTON COUNTY

Primary times are awful times,
If our senses don't delude us,
When Republican sinners are led to crimes
By a Democratic Judas.

When many a first-class citizen
Lifts hand against his brother,
And scores of real good Christian men
Tell lies upon each other.

And many another his vengeance soothes
As he flings,—without fear or favor,—
The cover back from hidden truths
Of decided skunk-like flavor.

A "primary" hath more evils still,
For each little gambling "hedger"
Stakes his "dough" to enforce the will
Of *The Hamilton County Ledger*.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF 1901

As we peruse the President's inaugural address,
Small is the knowledge it imparts us, if you please;
For 'tis composed of bluff, and brag, and guess,—
“A glittering mass of incongruities.”

The whole thing is merely lingual chaff,—
An empty document,—a simple hollow cast,—
Possessing not a single line or paragraph
In harmony with our traditions of the past.

The Declaration's principles are all ignored,
The Constitution's truths are thrust aside;
Those who subscribe to them are duly scored,
While ample quantities of self-praise are supplied.

It seems that he endeavors, as he prates,
In all his readers' minds to firmly fix,
That the history of these United States
Has all transpired since eighteen ninety-six.

He would revive a policy and call it something
new,—
A law of which the world knows nothing as more
old,—
Would make this country's masses subservient to
few,—
The majority of citizens the sycophants of gold.

THE INAUGURAL ADDRESS OF 1901

He would as deliberate, and as artfully, pursue
The policies by which Augustus stole the liberties of Rome;
Cast aside all our traditions,—sidetrack the public view,—

On useless wars abroad and prosperity at home.
Fain would he lead the people to forget
The trials our fathers were forced to undergo,
Before they could the host of tyranny upset,—
Deal imperialism their forceful, staggering blow.

He does not appear to know this nation and its laws
(Where all men are free, or are supposed to be),
Is but the good results of many a worthy cause,
In centuries of search for liberty. . . .

The road is long that does not have a turn;—
Consistant member of the A. O. F.* is he,
Who from the past can not some lesson learn,
Of use to those that are, and those that are to be.

Well may we call that man a blooming fool,
Who in the light of facts is so deceived or dumb,
That he would fain adopt this maxim as a rule,—
“Life is so long, the judgment can not come.”

The time will come,—no matter who it be,—
When his career will in the judgment set;—
For his vanity it somehow seems to me,
The hand of God may smite our President yet.

March 9, 1901.

*A. O. F.—“Ancient Order of Fools.”

TWO CAMPAIGN SONGS OF 1900

(A) SILVER AND BRYAN

Our land's in the midst of a crisis,
The result of conspiracies bold,
That have used all sorts of devices,
To raise up an idol to Gold.—
How can we avert this sad crisis,
Thwart these conspiracies bold,
Make fruitless these many devices,
And tear down this idol of Gold?—
Just wait and sternly rely on
The power that our citizens hold,
And trust they will all vote for Bryan,
And ruin this idol of Gold.

There are those who think 'twould be better
(If true be the things we are told)—
That for each fifty cents loaned the debtor,
He should pay back one dollar in gold.
How can we destroy this fetter,
Loosen the tentacle fold
That binds the unfortunate debtor
To this octopus demon of Gold?—
Just act the part of the lion,—
Do something as equally bold;—
Just cast all our ballots for Bryan,
And throttle this demon of Gold.

TWO CAMPAIGN SONGS

Let each one vie with his neighbor,
To shear this gold de'il of his horns;
To shield the moist brow of labor
From this damnable "garland of thorns;"
Let us strive to save the affliction,
The deluge of misery untold,
That would follow mankind's crucifixion,
On a "cross that is made out of gold."
With the zeal of pilgrim to Zion,
We will use all these ballots we hold,
For success of Silver and Bryan,—
For defeat of McKinley and Gold.

Must we hark to the press that would scold us,
Make us England's supremacy own?
Or, as Uncle "Dick" Thompson has told us,*
Believe we can go it alone?
Must we bow in as utter submission,
As sycophant servants of old?
Submit to the awful condition,
That makes us slaves unto Gold?
With the courage of Admiral Tryon,
We will see that our ballots are polled
On the side of Silver and Bryan,
To blot out our slavery to Gold.

*The venerable Colonel Richard W. Thompson, when discussing the Republican Platform of 1896, in referring to the plank declaring for "free coinage by international agreement," remarked that "America is big enough to go it alone on all economic questions."

MONEY AND BRAINS

Oh! For a means to wipe out these stains,
That mark this degenerate day,
When money supplants both merits and brains,
And virtue has nothing to say.

An age that's possessed of prospects for none,—
That consigns all men to the ditch,
Save the one who by birth good luck made the son
Of the man who chanced to be rich.

Yet arrogant people may boastingly say
Our lines speak other than truth,
But "just all the same," be that as it may,
It's a blight on the spirit of youth.

'Tis a sad day for earth, and especially our land,
When brains by wealth are surpassed,
When youth is forbidden the chance to expand,
By the damnable theory of caste.

Were Jefferson's principles fully applied,
Such state of things would not be;—
For the blessings of nature are never denied
To men that are equal and free.

April 11th, 1901.



Personal Section

INDEX TO PERSONAL SECTION—

Introduction of W. W. Pfrimmer
Viola and Christina
Mary
Epistle to Mary
“Gracie Divine”
“Lillie Banker”
The Handsome First Lady of Gray
Transition—A Congratulation
The Apology
To a Bachelor Friend
To Bert B. Ellis
To My Father
Back at Winona
“If Man But Knew What Nature Knows”
“Of the Making of Books There Is No End”
Sonnet to a Critic
On a Young Man Choosing a Profession

INTRODUCTION OF W. W. PFRIMMER

The splendid pleasure comes to me
To stand before you as you see,
And introduce to all of ye
The poet of the Kankakee.

Indeed his happy, wholesome rhymes,
Are not mere glittering pantomimes,
But fitted well to suit our times,
And sweeter are than vesper chimes.

He may call it flattery,—
Yet I put forth this prophecy:—
An age may pass, ere we shall see
Another such a one as he.

And in the years that are to come,
When all of us are cold and dumb,
Riley's name and his will "chum,"
In poetry of Hoosierdom.

His works such merits comprehend,
My words can not too high commend,
So I'll just stop,—and here extend
The introduction of my friend.

November 21st, 1902.

VIOLA AND CHRISTINA

Two lovely sisters, full of fun,
Live with their dear old mother;
Viola is the name of one,
Christina of the other.

The lurid tint of loveliest rose,
Of phlox and gladioli,
As the meereest nothing shows,
Compared with dear Viola.

The sweetest perfume of the pinks,
Of fuchsia and verberna,
Into vague oblivion sinks,
Contrasted with Christina. . . .

Each in her way is staid and firm
As "statutes of Westminster;"—
I'll bet my hopes for a governor's term
That each will be a spinster.

1892.

MARY

Some girls fail to catch my eye,
Some make my pulses vary;—
But it always makes my heart bound high,
When I behold my Mary.

Those tulip cheeks, that laughing eye,
Those lips so like a cherry,
Make me think that I could die,
Could I but win my Mary.

* * * * *

I could not if I were to try,
Say aught extraordinary;—
To speak the truth, I can't deny
I'm "dead" in love with Mary.

When gard'ning pays enough to buy
A farm, a store, or diary,
Then, and not till then, will I
The question "pop" to Mary.

Then should her loveliness reply
With favors to my query,
From that time on I sure will try
To spend my life for Mary.

And when I've laid life's burdens by
For things more visionary,
In Hades low, or Heaven high,
I'll wail or sing of Mary.

EPISTLE TO MARY

Dear Friend,

To speak the truth in accents plain
 (Do not think I am unkind)—
For four long years I've tried in vain
 To banish Mary from my mind.

Yet through all the years I've tried
 To give that lady no concern,
Aught thrust the guard of will aside,
 And thoughts of Mary would return.

Since I have tried, and for my life
 I can not drive those thoughts away,
I think I just will cease the strife,
 And let those sweet volitions stay.

And more!—I think that I shall try
 To lend more color to "the crime,"
Just put all other subjects by
 And think of Mary all the time. . . .

* * * * * * *

Oh! Cruel fates, thy sullen reign,
 Me pecuniary gain forbids;
Makes matrimonial thoughts as vain,
 As hopes of autumn katydids. . . .

* * * * * * *

EPISTLE TO MARY

Perhaps 'tis more than I deserve,
But for the want of better ends,
I trust we can each other serve,
In the capacity of friends.

And through the years that intervene,
Between the "Now" and the "Beyond,"
I think it would be "nothing mean"
If you and I should correspond.

So as old Time applies his wing,
To shift the scenes in walks of men,
Please assist the mails to bring
A sweet epistle now and then.

February, 1899.

“GRACIE DIVINE”

It was worth all my interest in heaven,
All the portion of earth that was mine,
To spend an evening from six to eleven,
In the smiles of dear “Gracie divine.”

The moon and the stars ceased to glisten,
Even the sun failed to shine,
When I had the occasion to listen
To a song by dear “Gracie divine.” . . .

My prospects they all turned as yellow
As the squash when the frost nips the vine,
When I learned that another good fellow
Had wedded sweet “Gracie divine.”

“LILLIE BANKER”

“Lillie Banker,” pretty girl,
With rosy cheeks and teeth of pearl,—
With a winsome, radiant smile,
One can see for half a mile! . . .

Oh, sinful man! What thoughts are his,
To note how handsome Lillie is;
Such puts strange bees into his hat,
And makes his heart go “pit-a-pat.”

Her gentle way so sweet appears,
It makes one 'most forget his years,—
His wrinkles and gray hairs forget,
And think he is a minor yet.

It would indeed be something sweet
To have the privilege to compete
With the richest of the land,
For the gift of Lillie's hand. . . .

Oh! For a tongue to curse this day,
For I am both old and gray,—
Not that age is a disgrace,
But would it not be out of place
For an ancient lad like me
To court a lady young as she?

1902.

THE HANDSOME FIRST LADY OF GRAY

With a coal black steed to a rubber tire prancing,
With a green feather boa, coquettishly gay,
'Neath a blue velvet hat with its ostrich plumes
dancing,
Proudly rides out the First Lady of Gray.

With her veil well thrown back, and her "Kis-me
gum" chewing,
She smiles as she speaks to the folks by the way,
Who cut out their toils, and cease their tasks doing,
To gaze at the handsome First Lady of Gray.

They gaze as if they thought it a duty,—
A homage that they should respectfully pay,
In deference due to the exquisite beauty
Extant in the handsome First Lady of Gray.

With pride each one of her friend Quaker neighbors,
Respectfully fashion each word that they say,—
Devotedly use the most of their labors,
In apeing the handsome First Lady of Gray.

I would not say aught to spoil a good story,
Yet arrangement of things compels me to say,
If you want the best place on this side of glory,
Just "swap" with the handsome First Lady of
Gray.

TRANSITION—A CONGRATULATION

Soon an event shall occur,—

 If true be the things people say,—
When the beautiful “Belle of Ben Hur,”
 Shall become “The First Lady of Gray.”

Why! It will create quite a “stir,”—
 Will lend great renown to the day
When the beautiful “Belle of Ben Hur”
 Becomes “The First Lady of Gray.”

Though it be not as we would prefer,
 We sure can no rancor display,
To offend the sweet “Belle of Ben Hur,”
 Or annoy “The First Lady of Gray.”

But instead will most fully concur,
 And ask that old Time speed the day
When the beautiful “Belle of Ben Hur”
 Shall become “The First Lady of Gray.”

In truth, we can never demur,—
 In short we have nothing to say
But “Farewell, sweet ‘Belle of Ben Hur’—
 Welcome, ‘First Lady of Gray.’”

THE APOLOGY

Once given an offense will be
Remembered to the last;—
True to the poet's simile,
"As changeless as the past."

Though the offended may forgive,
The offense is ne'er forgot;
While offended and offenders live,
Their friendship bears a blot.

Man can not change, nor even move
The things the die of time has cast;—
So we the future must improve
If we wish to mend the past.

The one that wilfully offends,
Just to make some others smile,
And never tries to make amends,
For his pert imprudent wile,—

Fate ever should to him deny,—
Should never unto him extend,—
The hallowed luxuries that lie
In the person of a friend.

THE APOLOGY

As perhaps most of you know,
To entertain an audience,
Upon a day not long ago,
I gave a lady great offense.

The audience both smiled and cheered,
As if it were a master play;—
Not without cause, I since have feared
She has not loved me since that day.

I can but only act the part
Imposed by etiquette's decree;
And ask with humble, contrite heart,
O, Nellie—Pardon me.

April 26th, 1903.

TO A BACHELOR FRIEND

When we read the stories of days gone by,
When angels were mingling with men,
With a silent groan, and an unheard sigh,
We wish we were living then.

When the beauties of Margaret our fancies engage,
We cease such fate to bewail,
And would swap not the present for any old age
To be found on chronology's scale.

Though Margaret boasts not a vestige of wings
To prove claims as an angel are true,
Yet she possesses enough other things
To be angel sufficient for you.

So let me admonish, sleep not on your right,
But improve as if 'twere divine,
And the elegant do, and this very night
Ask the dear girl to be thine.

1900.

TO BERT B. ELLIS

The great round sun will surely rise and set,
The giddy planets still go whirling round,
The blazing stars will yield their beauties yet,
When thou and I are sleeping underground.

Each flaming meteor will drag its fiery train,
Exciting human wonder as before;
The starry vault will mysteries contain,
When thou and I are said to be no more.

Winter's dreary ways will soften into spring,
And spring to summer in time will yield a place;
Autumn its load of fruits and grain will bring,
And go again as winter comes apace.

The babbling brooks will ripple toward the sea,
The woods unfold their robes of living green,
To change to brown or gray the leaf of bush and
tree,
As fast as nature bids the season shift the scene.

"Time will with his solemn brood of care plod on,"
Nor will he cease to keep his stock of duty well in
store;
With ecstasies "the gay will laugh when thou art
gone,"
"And each will chase his favorite phantom as
before."

TO BERT B. ELLIS

Though it may somewhat cloud the human mind,
Distract the heart,—“may ravish human sense,”—
It is a proposition clear and well defined,
One person is of little consequence.

Our language has for quite a while been graced
By a maxim that is very true and terse:
Should it so occur one atom be displaced,
That alone might wreck the universe.

Thus might it be to suit some wise design,
That fate decreed that thou and I should be;
Had we not best unto that fate resign,
And humbly bow unto that fate's decree?

And with the best of grace accept the several parts
The accident of life has bid us play;
Attempt with zeal,—with fulsome earnest hearts,—
The duties it imposes every day?

And does it not in bold relief appear,
That children prone to thinking could
Happily draw from thy or my career
Some of the basic principles of good?

And more, as we review and ponder o'er it all,
Do we not evolve a proposition plain?—
Though our parts in life are “really something
small,”
Yet those same parts are “really nothing vain.”

*TO MY FATHER

I cannot tell how much I owe my sire;
The strength of body, mind and limb;
All things in me that people most admire
I owe to him.

He taught me ever from my early youth
To temperate be, and walk in wisdom's way;
To ever do the right and speak the truth,
Let come what may.

He taught me that I should all evils shun;
On all immoral things should place a ban;
Be like the noblest work that God has done—
An honest man.

He early led me in the light to know
That slight reward awaits for those that shirk;
That honors do accrue to those who show
Worth by their work.

As he by word and precept did me teach,
And did the choicest treasures of his mind outpour,
He showed me by his daily life all he did preach
And something more.

*This poem was read at the funeral of the late Seth R.
Maker by the Rev. H. A. Cottingham.

If such example every father set before his son,
And every son then emulate his sire
In worth, men of this world would be—yes, every
one—

A few planes higher.

And should my mind embody forth a prayer,
And ask one boon, I'd ask that I should be,
In all the parts life calls on me to bear,
As true as he.

Now that he has passed unto the great unknown,
My pleasant memories of him are such
Throughout my coming years, I aye must own
I owe him much.

October 7th, 1905.

BACK AT WINONA

[Respectfully dedicated to Rev. Henry Webb Johnson, D.
D., director of Winona Assembly, in due acknowledgment
for suggestions, inspirations, etc.]

The beautiful morning,
All nature adorning,
Too sweet for pencil or pen,
Fills to full measure
Our chalice of pleasure,
To be at Winona again.

The pictures so sainted,
That nature has painted,
For adornment of hillside and glen,
Fill us with gladness,
Almost unto madness,
To be at Winona again.

Although it is duty
To recognize beauty,
In all things wherever we can,
Yet beauty is reckoned,
As fitted for second,
When we live at Winona again.

BACK AT WINONA

What nature expresses
In gaudy, gay dresses,
Shrinks into nothingness when
New friends we are meeting
And old ones we're greeting,
Back at Winona again.

There is no employment
But yields some enjoyment
To sound-minded women or men,—
Earth has no treasure,
Possessed of more pleasure
Than to be at Winona again.

“IF MAN BUT KNEW WHAT NATURE KNOWS”

[Respectfully dedicated to my newly acquired friend, Dr.
Henry W. Elson, Ph. D.]

If man but knew what nature knows,
What secrets she doth hold,
It mines of knowledge would disclose,
Of value more than gold.
O, vanity, how thou wouldst shrink,
And vanish all thy shows,
And pompous pride, how thou wouldst sink,
If man but knew what nature knows.

If man but knew what nature knows,
Our volumes then how small;
What little light our learning throws
On subjects one and all.
O, literature, how strangely mute,
And art, what senseless pose;
O, sculpture, of what ill repute,
If man but knew what nature knows.

If man but knew what nature knows,
What wisdom she could give
Of every earthly thing that grows,
Or has the power to live;

“IF MAN BUT KNEW WHAT NATURE KNOWS”

Of every orb that floats in space,
And there serenely glows;—
'Twould savor of divinest grace,
If man but knew what nature knows.

If man but knew what nature knows,
How blest would be his part;
What happiness would round him close,
What pleasures fill his heart;
What fortune would attend him then
To baffle human woes;
O, what a golden age for men,
If man but knew what nature knows,

September 10th, 1903.

“OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END”

[To Charles Eugene Banks, President Western Association of Writers.]

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
Since the very moment when time began
With a master hand to mix and blend
Material things as time but can,—
Wherever we search the infinite span,
The hand of nature the facts extend,
To clearly prove to the mind of man,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
The very hills with their strata lines,
And their deep ravines that downward wend
Through ragged shrubs and tangled vines,
Past stately oaks and slender pines,
With their tuneful birds, for aye contend
With an eloquence more than of great divines,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
As the soft sweet summer breezes blow,
Making the trees to wave and bend
And their shades on the green sward come and go,

“OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END”

Or their picture change in the lake below,—
Each several change doth a page append
To the world of books, to clearly show
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
When the frost king reigns, and the winter snows
In their mighty majesties descend,
And their mantle white o’er the whole scene
throws,

Bringing man and beast the train of woes
That ever upon their wake attend,
All reveal the truth, and the fact disclose,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
Each one that inhabits this earthly sphere,
With a fervor he scarce can comprehend,
As he lives through each succeeding year
And adds new phases to his career,
With his every act doth outward send
The evidence proving, full and clear,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”
As time elapses from age to age,
And the eras that go in their turns append
To history’s bulk another page,
Dispensing more light to savant and sage,—
“To the ending doom” they ever bend
Their tale to proclaim at every stage,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

“OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS THERE IS NO END”

“Of the making of books there is no end;”

And when we have passed to the end of time,
To the place where our souls in *Akasa** blend,
Or enter oblivion’s sphere sublime,
Or wander athwart some ethereal clime,—
Methinks some tone will there attend,
And proclaim more loudly than this poor rhyme,
“Of the making of books there is no end.”

November 25th, 1904.

**Akasa* is an untranslated and untranslatable Sanskrit word. Its nearest English equivalent is “ether.” It differs from ether in the fact that ether is atomic, while *Akasa* is not.

SONNET TO A CRITIC

[Respectfully dedicated to my esteemed friend, Hewitt Hanson Howland, editor of *The Reader Magazine*.]

It seems to me it ought to give the public pain,
Each time occasion bids it view with me
The lowly, sad, debased, degraded plane
To which has sunk the status of true poetry;
Childish chant and vague verbosity,
Ditties, dialects and doggerels, lead the muse's
train,
While "nigger," "kid" and "crank" philosophy
Is all the substance stanzas now contain;
While haughty critics, boastful, proud and vain,
In learned ignorance send forth high decree,
In words enough to drive a man insane,
Exalt mere stuff and taboo poetry;
While such exists, the public must with me,
Await a better age and bear the pain.

December 22d, 1905.

ON A YOUNG MAN CHOOSING A PROFESSION

Ralph!—And is it not a something sad indeed,
When we view the future heaped on prospect's
scale,
See each of our several chances to succeed
Outbalanced by a better chance to fail?

Is it not enough to 'pall the stoutest heart,
And make us wish we never had been born,
Or censure fate for giving us a start
In this cold world with prospects so forlorn?

The first I knew of this affair called life,
Was I was here;—irresponsible for being here;—
Was forced upon these scenes of bustling strife,
With duties that increase with every year. . . .

I feel there is but one thing for a man to do
(Owning man to be the victim of most cruel fate),
Is to take his burden up, then wade like others
through,
Hard striving to retire from the dilemma straight.

Indeed, all we can do, is lay our "ante" down,
Then play the game of life for all that it is
worth,—
Trust upon our efforts Dame Fortune will not frown,
That the mirage success will glorify our birth.

Speculative Section

INDEX TO SPECULATIVE SECTION—

The Grave

On the Location of Heaven

On the Form of the Spirit

THE GRAVE

What is thy mystery, oh, silent grave?

Why is it that thou art so greatly feared,
Alike by coward and the fearless brave,—
So much despised, and yet so much revered?

Art thou but a sort of little narrow bin,

Where poverty, ambition, pride and all are hurled;
Beauty, Youth and Age are plucked and garnered
in,

Or art thou but the portal to another world?

Or art thou but a chest, in which the worms con-
sume

The flesh and steep the soul in everlasting night?
Or but the entrance unto realms where souls resume
Their earthly shapes and dwell in endless light?

Or art thou just the gateway to an untried zone,

Where all people go and ne'er return,—
Walk in the light of mysteries unknown,
That human power is still unable to discern?

THE GRAVE

Or dost thou draw the curtain over all,—
Success or failure, triumph or defeat,—
Or fling thine ebon mantle over great and small,
To let the living know the drama is complete?...

Say what we will, deep mystery holds sway;
From out thy depths no mighty secrets flow;
Poets, prophets and philosophers can only say,
We do not—and we can not know!

April 17th, 1901.

ON THE LOCATION OF HEAVEN

What would I give, could I but only know
Unto what bourne the souls of the departed fly;
Unto what realm they are consigned to go,—
What portion of the universe that realm doth occupy?

And does it rest upon this world below,
In dale, on hill, plateau, or level, grass-clad lea;
On mountain peak, robed in perpetual snow,
Or unknown isle in unexplored sea?

Or does it find its truly wonted place,
As spiritualism's crafty votaries say,
Hard by, within the roomy realms of space,
But one short, narrow, meager span away?

Or does it lift itself above the sun and stars,
Past worlds whose lights have not yet reached
our own?
And is it reached by trains of special cars
That more than fly through worlds of space unknown?

ON THE LOCATION OF HEAVEN

Or is it reached by simpler means and shorter march?
Is it confined within a narrower span,
Beneath the ragged sutures of the cranial arch?—
Within the speculative mind of man?....

We must lay the cloak of sophistry aside,
Admit the truth, our human frailty own,
And by the truth of Plato's line abide,
"All that we know is, nothing can be known."

September 10th, 1893.

ON THE FORM OF THE SPIRIT

What would I give to view with vision unobscured
The portion of man's being that lies beyond the
tomb?—

The pangs or pleasures by departed souls endured,
The true, the actual shape a spirit must assume.

Does it assume a superhuman guise,
Possess a face of an immortal glow,
Lit up by soft, sweet, super-radiant eyes,—
A spectacle surpassing human power to know?

Or does it in the other world possess a shape
As hideous as fetish idols are to Christian sight,
The form of newt, or viper, toad, or howling ape,
With face and visage black as murky night?

What does it do when in the great beyond—
How does it while the hours of vast eternity
away?

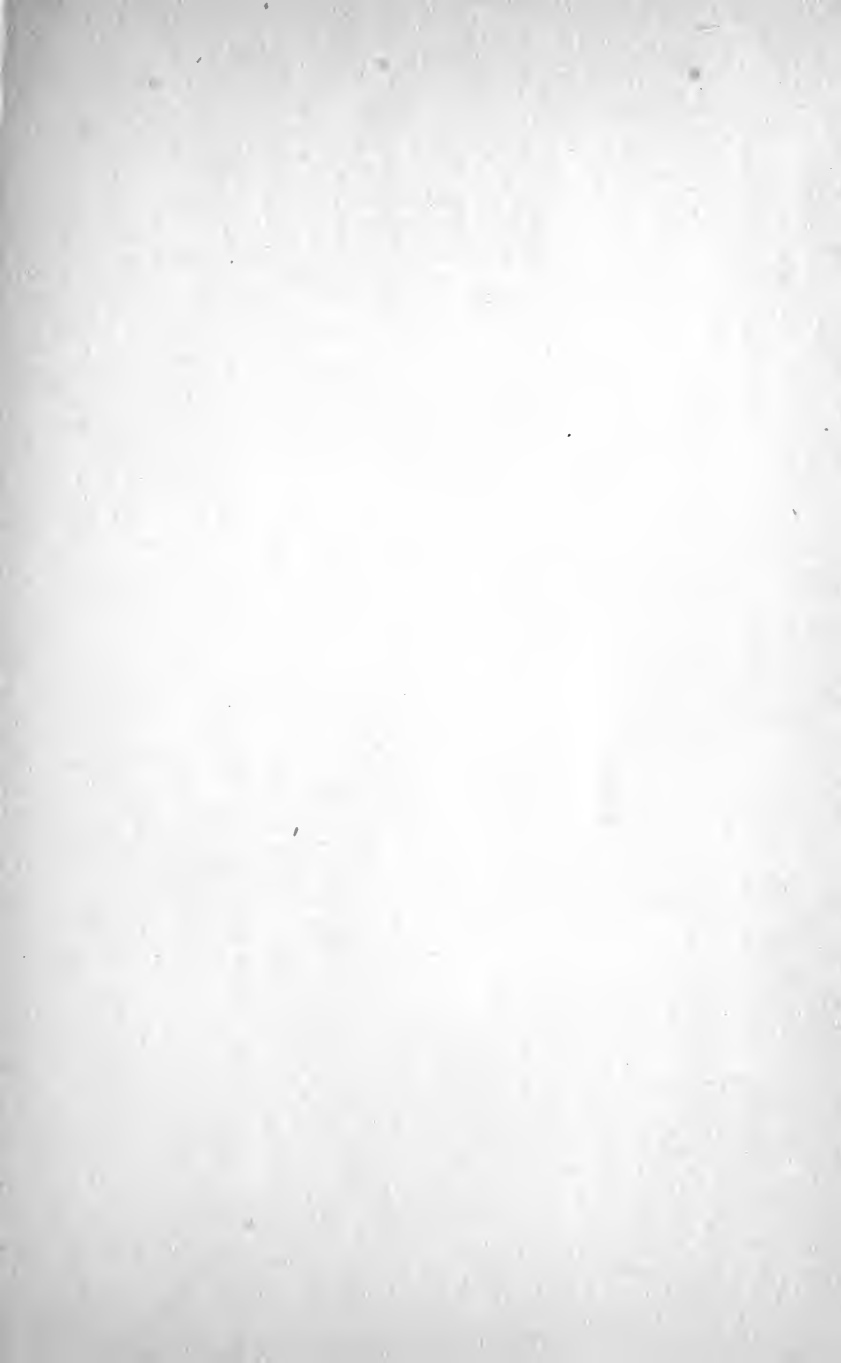
Does it to sweet and blissful realms abscond,
To spend a happy future in unending day?

Or does it in peace dwell in the great unknown,
Unsubject unto alternating storms or calms,
Or join in never-ending parade around God's throne,
Thrumming a harp and singing sacred psalms?

ON THE FORM OF THE SPIRIT

Does it live in the beauties of an everlasting day,
Dwell in the pleasures of an eternal bliss?
Doing in that world,—though it be work or play,—
That which it loved the best to do in this?....

Frail human power that can not penetrate
Mysteries reposing in the infinite alone;—
Our weakness thus decrees, that we interpolate,
It is not now, and never shall be known.



Religious Section

INDEX TO RELIGIOUS SECTION—

Upon Forgiveness

A Sermon

Hymn

The Paramount Thought

On the Power of the Infinite

The Deacon's Desire

UPON FORGIVENESS

Would every being try to live
Free from all vain pretenses;
If every person could forgive,
Or no one give offenses!

Could selfish people cease their strife,
Or use some of their labor
In putting pleasure in the life
Of some less happy neighbor!

With no offenders 'mong mankind,
Or every one forgiving,
Why, this would be a world refined,
And life be worth the living. . . .

Such state is known to consist
Of something so unreal,
That such millenium can't exist
Outside of the ideal.

Yet there is a chance for all
That dwell within the nation,
To use their might, however small,
For its approximation.

February 21, 1897.

A SERMON

TEXT.—And with what measure ye mete, it shall be measured to you again.—*Matt. VII, 2.*

He that is unburdened by the vice of self-conceit,
Will see some scriptures verified in every walk of
men;
Will see such measures as he did choose to mete
To others, in fulness meted unto him again.

The one that makes an arbitrary use of power,
That does another wrong through wantonness,
Will some time in his life experience an hour
When he'll be forced to render up redress;

When he must settle for the evil he has done,
Must pay the penalties imposed by time;
Must answer for his misdeeds,—every one,—
Much as a culprit answers for his crime.

For “he that digs a pit himself shall fall therein;”
The maker of an evil law shall suffer from its
doom;
The evil doer reaps the wages of his sin,
For “vice” it is that “digs its own voluptuous
tomb.”

Thus in the reign of terror,—that terrible affair,—
When “France got drunk on blood to vomit crime;”
The fate of Danton, Marat, and of Robespierre,
Exemplifies the truth in awfulness sublime.

March, 1901.

HYMN

Though pangs of grief may rend the heart,
And tears may dim the eye,
The very best of friends must part,—
Must learn to say goodbye.

Though weary age may think it hard,
And wondering childhood think it strange,
'Tis but in fullest strict accord
With nature's law of change.

Life holds a radiant charm for youth,
That makes it loth to lay it by,
As years steal on and show their truth,
They bid that subtle radiance fly.

It is a truth that nought explains,
(Nor can we state the reason why),
The greater years that one attains,
The less that person dreads to die.

When death—mankind's eternal bane,—
Sounds the call to cease the strife,
It hath not then the slightest pain
For those that make the most of life.

HYMN

Though death its weight of dread supplies,
 Attended close by sullen grief,
It often gives the one that dies
 A happy measure of relief.

Oh! Is there mortal man so vain,
 That he would a "Struldbrug" be,
Bear life's sorrow, care and pain,
 For all eternity?

November, 1899.

THE PARAMOUNT THOUGHT

The paramount thought in the human mind,—
A part of its general plot,—
It is the earnest desire of all mankind,
Never to be forgot.

Most people would like to have it so,
Happen whatever will,
Though countless ages come and go,
To be remembered still.

Few but would yield the very last breath
In hazardous enterprise,
If they thought that through vainglorious death
Their names should immortally rise.

Let them believe in a God or not,
The story is just the same;
They are willing to do no matter what,
To earn a deathless name.

In awful agonies on the rack,
Erostratus did explain,
To roll oblivion's mantle back,
He burned Diana's fane.

THE PARAMOUNT THOUGHT

The peasant standing by his king,
By Pantheon's aperture,
In mind conceived an awful thing
To make his name endure.

The man who guides the ship of state
Strives to conduct his sway
So that mankind will call him great
When he has passed away.

The rich erect great monuments,
In tombs of sculptured stone,
So when their souls have journeyed hence,
Their names shall still be known.

The poor who know that death shall claim
In time their earthly mold,—
Whom fate denies the bauble fame,
And fuller tithe of gold,—

Erect somewhere in roomy space
A sweet elysium fair,
And then reserve themselves a place
To dwell forever there.

We do believe none dare disown,
Or would the fact ignore,
Our best desire is to be known,
Somewhere, forevermore.

March 28, 1901.

ON THE POWER OF THE INFINITE

The power that once could make me live,
Can surely make me live again,
Should it but please that power to give
Life unto souls as unto men.

In truth, I really can not see,
Why that same power at pleasure may
Not build a soul for eternity,
Just like a body for a day.

Though life just comes,—or be it sent,—
Be it effect,—or be it cause,—
Of Deity,—or accident,
It well attests harmonious laws.

Something causes rain to fall,
Aught makes the snow to crystallize,
And groups the stars, both great and small,
In constellations in the skies.

Nature everywhere displays,
The cunning of an unseen hand,
That seems to work in dubious ways,
We do not wholly understand.

ON THE POWER OF THE INFINITE

In spite of low-born human aims,
Of who may scoff, or who applaud,
The Universe each day proclaims
That nature's laws are laws of God.

And everywhere,—both high and low,—
Where space by heavenly orbs is lit,
Material things all tend to show
The potent power of the infinite.

April, 1901.

THE DEACON'S DESIRE

O, if there be a place on high,
Where angel mounts on snowy wing,
Where cherub soars athwart the sky,
With his golden harp and its silver string
That he sweetly plays, while seraphim sing,
In rare, rich notes, more sweet and clear
Than melodious tones of anything
That yet hath fallen on mortal ear;

Again, if that place is all decked out,
In the halcyon scenes of the long ago;
If its smiling vistas are compassed about
With the faces of friends that we used to know,
Mind can not conceive of lovelier show,
And forthwith the desire grows strong in me,
That that is the place where I want to go
To spend the scope of eternity.

If life is probation, O let me live
An exemplary life, in which abounds
The requisite things it takes to give
Me full admission to those hallowed grounds,
Where angel song and harp resounds,
And the old friends smile as a bride in her teens;—
Then for aye let me hear those enchanting
sounds,—
Forever behold those entrancing scenes.

January, 1904.

Sundry Sonnets to Pope Leo XIII



SUNDRY SONNETS TO POPE LEO XIII

I

The force of circumstances compels us to revere
The reverend Sage that fills St. Peter's chair;
For when we study well his grand career,
Which of his predecessors can with him compare?
Should they from out their graves arise, which one
would dare
Contest with him the right to Papal fame?
For if a greater Pope did live, what annals do
declare
The fact—what volume speaks his name?
As well as Pope he is philosopher and sage,—
An ornament unto the lofty place he fills;
Fit head of a mighty church, in an enlightened age;
His name's an inspiration; his teaching ever
thrills
Us with desire for nobler aims and better deeds, and
should
At all times cast our little might upon the side of
good.

SONNET TO POPE LEO XIII

II

One thing that makes the mighty Leo great,
That showeth him superior of kings,
Is his firm tendency to separate
The spiritual from the temporal things;—
Grant full divorce between the Church and State;—
Have men to worship God from choice and not
by law;—
Such with liberal men is never out of date,
But is a means that ever tends to draw
Men to the Church, and drive them not away.
If all men would this spirit emulate,
'Twould bring to earth a better, brighter day;
The world with ecstasy would then await
The time when men would cease this strife for pelf,
And each would love his neighbor as himself.

SONNET TO POPE LEO XIII

III

Had Leo been the Pope since Anno Domini,
Conjecture can scarce supply "what might have
been;"
Dark pages would be torn from History,
The Church be shrived of many an earthly sin;
We could not then read of those cruel days,
When men did dare to die for conscience' sake,—
When Earth was treated to such gallery plays,
As Huss and Cranmer at the stake;
All these and more would fully be erased,
And annals of much better things be in their
place;
The story of the Inquisition would be effaced,
And Catholicism shorn of much disgrace;
And Christian history would be freighted then,
With more peace on earth, and better will to men.

SONNET TO POPE LEO XIII

IV

The Reaper Death has gleaned the giants of his
day,—

Most of the great minds of his century are gone;
The comrades of his prime 'most all have passed
away,

Yet his frail body still keeps living on;
And we admire the greatness of the man,

Who physically was never over-strong;
Considering his ninety years, we only can

Wonder why it is, that he has lived so long;
Yet as we reflect, the reason will appear,

How he has lived, this wicked world to bless,
Is by doing right, and keeping conscience-clear,

Living on simple fare—committing no excess.
So from his life we can this moral draw,
He longest lives, who lives by nature's law.

SONNET TO POPE LEO XIII

V

When he told his people in America to use the
public school,
And give the child religious training in the home;
Advised the French to live in peace with the
Republic's rule,
He shed a glowing luster upon the Church of
Rome.
That for principle and not policy, he this did do,
Will ever to his credit in bold relief appear,
When it is known he cut the Papal revenue,
By nearly twenty million francs a year.
To view his blameless life all through, it would
Seem that he has ever been a servant of the right,
Obeying the commands dictated him by good,
For glorious advancement of the eternal right.
Knowing his death is near at hand, we must regret
His age forbids he can not live a century yet.

SONNET TO POPE LEO XIII

VI

And could another hundred years be his,
With no misgivings we believe they would
Add ten decades of glory to what is,—
Be to this world a potent source of good.
For we believe each several utterance
Of his, forthcoming every now and then,
With this wicked, cruel world perchance
Would plead for purer homes, and cleaner, better
men.
Speaking from his high place as Pope,
Gives to his words a better, farther reach,—
Deeper effect, a grander, broader scope,
Than things ten thousand orators may preach.
For every sentence by his lips unfurled,
Precipitates a sound that echoes round the world.

June 11th, 1901.



Sparkological Section

*This Section is respectfully dedicated
to the fast-fading memory of the
dear girls that would
not have me*

INDEX TO SPARKOLOGICAL SECTION—

Don't Forget the Giver
Unhampered, Unloved, and Alone
The One That Loves You the Best of All
When
The Lady I Am Looking For
To the One That I Love
Fain Would I Be with the Lady I Love
The Dream
The Closet Just Under the Stair
Sonnet

DON'T FORGET THE GIVER

Please accept with deferent grace
The gift I now deliver,
As fleeting years steal on apace,
Please don't forget the giver.

Though pierced by every phantom dart,
In love's enchanted quiver,
Just clasp this volume to your heart,
And don't forget the giver.

Should you dwell in frescoed halls,
And hirelings round you shiver,
When on this gift your vision falls,
Pray don't forget the giver.

Or should you glide in humble bark,
Adown life's stormy river,
Be its pathway light or dark,
Oh, don't forget the giver.

Though hatred's mountains may divide,
Or seas of fate may sever,
Guard this gift with jealous pride,
And don't forget the giver.

UNHAMPERED, UNLOVED, AND ALONE

'Tis a pleasure to know that again I am free,
That my heart it again is my own;
That I sail as I please on life's reffluent sea,
Unhampered, unloved, and alone.

My heart it bounds high and my spirits are gay,
As if buoyed up by something unknown,—
Perhaps 'tis the thought that wherever I stray
I'm unhampered, unloved, and alone.

I will roam through the realms of many a clime,—
Will wander through many a zone,—
Will ramble about just to pass away time,
Unhampered, unloved, and alone.

It is truly an exquisite pleasure to me,—
The sweetest I ever have known,
That I sail as I please on life's stormy sea,
Unhampered, unloved, and alone.

1887.

THE ONE THAT LOVES YOU THE BEST
OF ALL

As the passing years "may flag or fly,"
If by chance your eyes on these stanzas fall,
Remember the one they were written by,—
'Twas he that loved you the best of all.

Though fortune decks your higher state,
And your ear attends to honor's call,
Oh! Envy not the erring fate,
Of the one that loved you the best of all.

Oh! Do not think he is unjust,
Or that his stony heart is small,
For it was you that could not trust
The one that loved you the best of all.

Worry not, nor sigh, nor fret,
Nor scenes of pleasures past recall,
But suffer never to forget,
The one that loved you the best of all.

Oh! Never be a slave to fate,
Nor subject unto amour's thrall,
But when thou seekest thee a mate,
Seek him thou lovest the best of all.

1887 or 1888.

WHEN

When will our hearts be lighter,
And our spirits be as gay?
When will our hopes be brighter,
Than they are to-day?

When will our chance be better,
Upon life's path to stray;
More free from bond or fetter,
Than we are to-day?

When will our lives be longer,
When will we feel the ray
Of mutual love the stronger,
Than we do to-day?

Will it be when we are older—
When our hair is silver-gray?
When our mortal portions moulder
In the cold and silent clay?

Will it be when age is telling,
When the flower of life is flown?
Or when our souls are dwelling
In the misty, great unknown?

WHEN

Will it be when we are parted—
When one of us is gone,
And the other, broken-hearted,
Must still keep living on?

While the present's gloating o'er us,
'Tis with pleasure that we find
That most of life's before us,
And but little is behind.

While wanting better season,
While yet in youthful prime,
It is plain unto our reason,
Now is the sanctioned time

For us to destine whether
In the future you and I
Shall live parted or together
From now until we die.

March 27th, 1888.

THE LADY I AM LOOKING FOR

Long have I cherished a hidden plan,
For almost an age have I tarried,
Looking about for some "female man,"
That is dead for a chance to get married.

Whose angel-like ways and beauties are such
As to merit me calling her "honey,"
One who, by her magical touch,
Can turn cheap rhymes into money.

One whose masculine attributes are
The kind all my defects to cover;
With whom my talents are ever at par,
And is proud to call me her lover.

Should the fates controlling connubial bliss,
Decide that thus they will mate me,
With my fortunes linked to a lady like this,
Fame will most surely await me.

May 19th, 1903.

TO THE ONE THAT I LOVE

Oh, pride of my heart, that I proudly can style you
The one whom my love for can never depart;—
But excuse me, (for I wish not to beguile you,
Nor spread discontent o'er your fetterless heart,

Or by smooth, flattering words to rashly compel you
To deliver to me all the charms you possess),
My effort is but an endeavor to tell you,
Of love that no words can ever express.

For as rock the great waves in the deep, briny
ocean,
When turbulent gales are blowing above,
So throbs my heart with the deepest emotion,
While lisping the name of the one that I love.

Never, oh, never, while to love is in fashion,
Or the law still exists that makes lovers be true,
Shall this throbbing heart forget the fond passion,
That long has existed within it for you.

Had I all the wealth concealed in the mountains,
Had I all the pearls that are hid in the sea,
Had I a fine palace, with its groves and its foun-
tains,
I could not be happy if parted from thee.

July, 1885.

FAIN WOULD I BE WITH THE
LADY I LOVE

Fain would I be with the lady I love,
O, fain with her would I be,
Whom I reverence more than the angels above,
Or the "sirens down under the sea."

Her face is more fair to my mind,
Her form can more beauties display,
Than art has in color designed,
Or sculpture has modelled in clay.

The mythical legends of old
Of elves and of fairies so fair,
Not half so much witchery hold
As lurks in her aureate hair.

The beautiful orbs of the night,
That shine through the dark from the sky,
To me they are never so bright
As the glance of her beautiful eye.

The effect of Luna's pale beam,
As it falls on some tropical isle,
Is a faint, insignificant gleam,
Compared with her radiant smile.

Why sing of the glories above,
Of the sweets that in paradise be?
Where'er is the lady I love,
That spot it is heaven to me.

THE DREAM

Outward I peered through the stilly night,
Across the lawn so shady,
Methought I saw by the moon's pale light
The handsome form of "my lady."

Robed in raiment of spotless white,
Her hair in the night-wind streaming,
Her face aglow with intense delight,
Her eyes with pleasure beaming.

Tossing her head with a careless air,
And a sweet old love-tune singing,
As if enjoying the pleasure rare
Of some heavenly message bringing.

Tell me, dearest, what have you there,
That fills your cup of pleasure;
What happy news does "my lady" bear,
That her cup o'erflows its measure?

Says she, "It is but the same old tale,
That adorns romance's pages;
Though the story is old, it is never stale,
And has been so through the ages;

THE DREAM

“To tell you the truth, I must declare
By the heaven that bends above you—
By every deity I will swear,
That with all my heart I love you.”

Says I, “My dear, if you tell me true,
I must make the same confession,
For you love me no more than I love you,
As I’d prove had I expression.”

But a “moping owl” on a bough near by,
With his weird, obstreperous screaming,
Disturbed my sleep so much that I
Awoke to find I was dreaming.

Curses be on that ominous bird,
That called from such scenes Elysian,
That could, by his chilly screeches absurd,
Wreck such a heavenly vision.

August 21st, 1903.

THE CLOSET JUST UNDER THE STAIR

Once I went to see "Moddy,"
But it turned out a quite sad affair;
For the darling, she hid her whole body
In a closet just under the stair.

Where with eyes tear-stained like a mourner,
And all "hunkered" down like a bear,
She crouched 'way back in a corner
Of the closet just under the stair.

As her grace that dominion invaded,
The mice took on quite a scare;
And the roaches turned out and paraded,
In the closet just under the stair.

The bedbugs played "Jack and the fiddle,"
And the taper moths sighed for a glare;
And the crickets sang "Hey-diddle-diddle,"
In the closet just under the stair.

The old shoes had feelings of sorrow
Their language could never declare,
So they silently waited the morrow,
In the closet just under the stair.

THE CLOSET JUST UNDER THE STAIR

And the spiders, they winked at each other,
With a sort of a mischievous air;
Maud wished herself out, and her mother
In the closet just under the stair.

What! Did her wits all forsake her?
Or was she in love to despair,
That caused her to fly from her Maker,
To the closet just under the stair?

The Lord only knows how much money
I would give could I have been there,
Alone in the gloom with my "honey,"
In the closet just under the stair.

Many times would I since have eat melons,
With her parents, that royal old pair,
But I feared she would fly to Aunt Ellen's,
Or the closet just under the stair.

Forget it, O Lord! I can never,
So long as life's burdens I bear;
With regrets I'll remember forever,
That closet just under the stair.

*SONNET

Dear Lady, if I really crazy be,
And truly am of unsound mind,
It is a proposition full and clear to me,
The cause would not be difficult to find.
For when the fates shall bid you go and see
The things the future really keeps in store,
The past to you shall bear its mystery,
And thou shalt view angelic records o'er;
Then shalt thou know the past's most full
amount;
Perhaps be vexed when thou shalt see
In black and white—charged unto your account—
The cause of my insanity.
For loving too well, and only thee,
Is why it is, I thus so crazy be.

*The lady to whom this sonnet is addressed, once playfully insinuated that we were "crazy," thus placing us upon the defensive. The above is our answer to the charge.

Enigmatic Section

INDEX TO ENIGMATIC SECTION—

Preface

Explanation

Every Lover Hath a Loved One

My Lady

Mystery

Enigma

Spenserian Stanza

A May-Day Offering

Double Handicap

“Kind Hearts Are More than Coronets”

Sonnet

Nature's Shine in Gleam so Fine

Sonnet

This section is respectfully dedicated to the persons whose names are interwoven in the lines of the several pieces composing it

PREFACE TO THE ENIGMATIC SECTION

This section has been wrought with the view of showing the youth of future generations how love-making may be reduced to a fine art,—to show the capabilities of the language, and to gratify an insatiate desire to produce something curious,—something that does not occur in every volume of verse,—something out of the ordinary in literature; and we reserve to the reading public the right to judge how well we have succeeded in attaining the objects for which we have striven.

EXPLANATION

To find the names confined within the several pieces of this section, I can give but one general rule, *i. e.*: Begin with the first or last letter of the first or last line, or both as the case may be, and count to the right or left one letter for each succeeding line when beginning with the top or first line, or one letter to the right or left for each preceding line when beginning with the last line, and thus the names appear. In three of the pieces the name occurs twice, viz., the piece entitled “Double Handicap” and the sonnets.

EVERY LOVER HATH A LOVED ONE

Every lover hath a loved one;
I do have a loved one too;—
If I had to name that loved one,
What would I then tell to you?
O, she has a name romantic
As the lilies' sweet perfume,—
That this side of the Atlantic,
We shall never more presume
Earth has gentler, fairer maiden,
Than my girl I dearly love;—
Nor has the heavenly Aidenn,
In the regions up above.

September 2d, 1901.

MY LADY

My lady is a portly, handsome lass,
With hazel eyes and pretty auburn hair;
Many girls am I compelled to pass,
In an eager search for one that is more fair.
And yet, most ladies fall a long way short
Of her,—the goodly one of whom I write,—
In most things of a really good report,—
In those alloys that make this bleak world bright.
Were I gifted with the splendid gift of song,
I would with pleasure of her merits sing,—
Pour forth her praise in rhythmic meter strong,—
With her fame or worth, would make the welkin
ring.

Oh! More would I do were it within my power,
To celebrate those many, many things,
Which speak her praise through each succeeding
hour,
And so shall speak as long as being clings.
Oh! The fates forbid that I should thus command
The glowing muse for a very little while;—
Must lag along and by my weakness stand,—
For aye forswear her welcome, precious smile....
Grant me, O God the power to deftly use
For her sweet sake the glory of the muse.

Winona Lake, Ind., June 25th, 1902.

MYSTERY

Mysterious are thy wondrous ways, O time,
With thy endless sea of billowy change;
In never-resting, shimmering scenes sublime,
Thy notions ever crop out new and strange.
Ever, ever changing at thy fickle will,
As if it was thy stint of hourly sport
To make things doubly queer and stranger still,
As thou mayst please to give thine own report.
What care they for never-ending change,
Who are in their love's sweet grace entwined,—
What do I care for something new and strange,
When thought of her is utmost in my mind?
Thus love is, and through all time shall be
A little thing not subject unto change,
As infinite by far as is the Deity,
As mysterious, as marked, as steadfast and as
 strange.
Oh! Love, the most mysterious thing I know,
What would I give to have thy mystery explained;—
To have thy puppet play, with its ethereal glow,
Disclose thy secret, till all mystery contained
Within thy silent cell forthwith shall be revealed;—
To me and all this world forever be unsealed.

Carmel, Ind., July 21st, 1902.

ENIGMA

Of all the ladies we are privileged to name,
None merits more the blessings from above,
Or ruddy tinge of iridescent fame,
Or sacred sweets extant in hallowed love.
Her charms are more than any girl's we know,
Her face more fair than any we have known;
Her form would grace the grandest heavenly show,
In which she might with profit sit alone....
Hidden within these lines' intricacies
Lies the pretty name we celebrate,
Which we with pride, herein disguise with ease,
So deep, so well, your wits can not translate.

April 4th, 1903.

SPENSERIAN STANZA

With wanton thoughts I sing of her
Most recklessly in sport for fun;
Her fame is more than I can here confer
In poem, speech, essay or pun.
Thus it seems I ought to say I'm done,
Or with composure merely say I am
Nonplused, my wits upon the run,
And all I write is nothing but a sham,
And worst of all, not worth a single dam.*

April 23d, 1903.

*A dam is an East Indian coin worth about one-fortieth of a rupee, and is said to be the smallest coin minted.

A MAY-DAY OFFERING

Days gone by, return to me,
Make me just a lad again.
O, fill my heart with things to be
As is boy's lot to hope as men,
The by and by will something bring,
As these sweet flowers of May,
Making many an uncouth thing
To shine in brighter, purer ray.
The woman to whom I herein sing,
Is sweeter than the lovely flowers of spring.

May 1st, 1903.

DOUBLE HANDICAP

Herein lies a name most high,
Well known for her actions clever;
Well, if this poem does not lie,
Her envied name will live forever.
Time never can her name encase,
In gewgaws bought by cringing favor,
Or the world's goods, in cash or "pride of place,"
To give our love for her true flavor.
Her great love for man her name embalms for aye,
And commands respect that naught could steal
away.

May 20th, 1903.

"KIND HEARTS ARE MORE THAN
CORONETS"

"Kind hearts are more than coronets,"
Said the immortal Tennyson;
Wit is more than epaulets,
With golden fringe thereon.
The lady in whose name I pen these lines,
Can more and better charms display,
Than this poor verse holds in its weak confines,
Or wanton words in metaphors assay;
Her charmes are such as have been given
To wives of kings upon this earthly sphere;
Used by angels in the inner court of Heaven;
By lovers all, and lovers everywhere.
Music, enraptured spirit of the Infinite,
Manifest in every joyful sound
Made by nature's lips, as nature seeth fit,
Is her delight, for she in that is brilliant and profound.

She sings as angels sing in Paradise,
As joyful as the bird among the trees,
As sweetly as a skylark soaring to the skies,
Or "rune of rivulets" or notes of busy bees.
(Why waste precious time on stanzas such as these?)
Her merits are so great, none dares deny reward,
And speak more compliments than babblings of a
bard.

May 23d, 1903.

SONNET

In effort vain I raise my lyre,
I deem it duty here to sing
What I conceive in rare poetic fire,
The endless, everlasting thing,
Fame lays beside the altar of desire,
There marking it with tints from beauty's wing,
Making acceptable to her who may acquire
Things acknowledged deathless by those who bring
Their mark to show their love for beauty's king.
O, could I these reckless lines
Free from the weakness of my mind,
That I may leave in memory's confines,
Advanced well—endeared to human kind—
Immortalize for aye the name here twice confined.

May 23d, 1903.

NATURE'S SHINE IN GLEAM SO FINE

Nature's shine in gleam so fine,
Tells of the great Creator;
That I may learn, by every turn,
Where I should bow and cater
To things ne'er born of hopes forlorn,
Or aught that's classed as human,
Save to the fame, one whose name,
Is known to many a woman:
A face aglow, to let us know,
Love hath a place within her,
And that sweet smile, that would beguile
The greatest saint or sinner. . . .
We write these lines without designs
Upon her grace so clever,
So never mind these words unkind,—
With this, our vain endeavor,
May make her live forever and forever.

May 27th, 1903.

SONNET

One dear girl,—her manner haunts me still,
And speaks to me, yet never in disdain,
Though with her friends she may be only “Lil,”
She unto me will ever be much more;—And I ’til
The happy time she meets with me again,
At some resort by shady lake or sun’y main,
Ere thievish time shall take his fief per will,
And then if not the naughty thief puts ill
Into my head, I shall her memory enchain
In rippling rhyme, like tinkling of a bell,
With something like lame music in it,
Placing music, prose, and poetry on common
parallel,
To win her love,—Not let others win it,—
When that is done, will swear that all is well.

June 23d, 1903.



Miscellaneous Section

INDEX TO MISCELLANEOUS SECTION—

As Down through Life's Dreary Desert I Wind
The Present
My Trinity
The Bachelor's Lament
The Benedict's Pæan
On the Fall of Man
An Episode
"Hell" and "Hades"
Little Willie
The "Governor's" Advice to His Son
Conceit in Youth
An Application for a Job
Distance
My Refuge
A Retort
The Unchallenged Story
The Appointed Time to Die
Early Memories
Sonnet to White River
Sonnet to Spring
Parody on the First Eight Lines of "The
Dying Child," by Hans Christian Andersen
Strolling at Midnight
Finis

AS DOWN THROUGH LIFE'S DREARY
DESERT I WIND

As down through life's dreary desert I wind,
Toward the phantom success in the distance afar,
It is with chagrin and displeasure I find
How uncertain man's votaries are.

Life, it is not a positive thing,
An instant may sever its cord;
Fortune may fly on a hurricane wing,
And love disappear with a word.

The noblest of prospects may suffer from blight,
Glory's bright gewgaws may fade,
Reason may vacate its throne in a night,
And the hand of its cunning be flayed.

Pleasure may pass as the silvery shower,
Happiness fade like the rainbow away,
Friendship but last for the space of an hour,
And hope take its flight with the day.

August 8th, 1889.

Note—This piece originally consisted of five stanzas, which I wrote down at the time of their composition, but the manuscript became misplaced and I reconstructed it from memory. One stanza I was never able to reproduce.

THE PRESENT

With a frown or a smile, yet busy the while,
The present steals time from the future;
In a manner to last, it is knit to the past,
With a firm and inseparable suture.

It ever supplies a splendid disguise,
With which time concealeth his vigor;
Yet as he goes, never fails to disclose
The ardent intrigues of his rigor.

As the river that brings from the high mountain
springs
Each drop by them put in motion,
From the mountains of time flows each moment
sublime,
To fall in eternity's ocean. . . .

Each moment that shifts is loaded with gifts,
For each one to grasp now or never;—
With the glance of an eye, each gift may pass by,
And be lost to our service forever.

While the chance of the hour yet stands in our
power,
We ever seem prone to misuse it;
When 'tis past we will own that its worth was un-
known,
Till we had the misfortune to lose it.

THE PRESENT

In just the same way the chance of to-day
Is let slip in the hope of to-morrow;—
Yet how oft 'tis our fate to find out too late,
That our hopes have been bartered to sorrow.

We often behold both the young and the old
Depriving this life of its leaven;
Filling life's scope with the ether-like hope
That all wrongs will be righted in Heaven.

These hours we abuse, we should all try to use,
In an effort to make life more pleasant;
For Infinity holds nowhere in its wolds
A time to compare with the present.

1895.

MY TRINITY

Three things I covet with all my soul,
More than titles, or honors, or wealth;
One is an absolute self-control,
Another is perfect health.

On ample reflection, again I find,
I one thing more would be pleased to possess;
That is an ample, expansive, erudite mind,
The friction of time can render no less.

With health, and mind, and a self-control,
I believe I could write my name
At the very top of the highest scroll
That adorns the shaft of fame.

August, 1892.

THE BACHELOR'S LAMENT

Oh! How I long for the days gone by,
Ere the angel was changed to the human,
When my nature was such that I could not deny
One single virtue to woman.

When my verdancy would not permit me to see,
She is only a gay deceiver,—
When “any old thing” she would tell to me,
Though a lie I yet would believe her. . . .

But, alas for me, those days are o’er,
And mine it is to discover
That youth has passed to the happy yore,
And age is unfit for a lover.

May, 1900.

THE BENEDICT'S PÆAN

Since the sweet hour when erstwhile I tasted
The pleasures extant in connubial bliss,
I have sighed for the hours I so ruthlessly wasted,
In the aimless courting of that girl and this.

And now since the days of my courting are ended,
My chivalry seems almost like a crime,
And I long for the "cash" I so freely expended
In showing the ladies an elegant time.

As these children sport in their jolly gyrations,
And festively romp in their innocent glee,
The sight is worth more than a hundred flirtations,
Or the sweets of a dozen whole courtships to me.

This sweet, happy home, with my dear wife presid-
ing,
I ever must own with an unstinted pride,
Is a realm enchanted,—more pleasures providing,
Than all the wide scope of the whole world be-
side.

August 30th, 1906.

ON THE FALL OF MAN

Why mourn we our forefather's fall?—

Although he did paradise leave,
We can with some pleasure recall,
He still was attended by Eve.

The judgment, indeed, we must say,
Would have much more severity shown,
Had it taken the lady away,
And left Adam in Eden alone.

AN EPISODE

“My lady” turned me down,
For one whose hair turns up;—
To me it was a thorny crown,
A truly bitter cup.

“Bitter cup” or “thorny crown,”
“Hard luck,” or what you will,
Although “my lady” “turned me down,”
“Lord knows,” I love her still.

July 9th, 1903.

“HELL” AND “HADES”

The little preachers will do well
To rob our lexicon of Hell;
But will our language have more grace,
When they put Hades in its place?—
No! They'll but commit a crime
Against the little folks that rhyme.
The simple truth to plainly tell,
There is a euphony in Hell,
Inventions of the poets' brain
Can ne'er cause Hades to attain.

Note—The above is an impromptu suggested by reading an article in a newspaper that a certain aggregation of ministers had voted to banish “Hell” from the language, and substitute “Hades” for it.

LITTLE WILLIE

Little Willie was not silly,
But he would not mind his ma;—
Like a fool he tickled “muley”
On the hind heel with a straw.....

Quicker than you could count seven,
“Muley” raised his heel on high,
And little Willie went to heaven
In the twinkling of an eye.

Gently smooth his golden tresses,
Twine a garland for his brow;—
For majority of guesses
Is, “Willie” is an angel now.

THE GOVERNOR'S ADVICE TO HIS SON

“My son in the world or the school,
In business, at church, or the ball,
Make this your infallible rule,
Though the stars in heaven may fall:
Let your mode be painfully cool,
Your wit, it be ‘nothing small;’
Have cheek like a ‘government mule,’
And be loaded with ‘infinite gall.’”

Note—Young men too frequently refer to their sires as the
“Old Man” or the “Governor.” The stern parent is
the “Governor” meant in the title of this piece.

CONCEIT IN YOUTH

Conceit is an ingredient of youth
That puts a "beam" in most of young men's eyes;
Obscures their minds to weight of actual truth,
And seek for goals portrayed to them in lies.

It causes them, with buoyant hearts elate,
To view the future's face without a fear;
Makes them to take "uneven cues with fate,"
Or shake the dice "with destiny for beer."

It steels their nerves until they would not ask
A single odd in anything proposed by fate;
But cheerfully would tackle any task
That may be found 'twixt this and heaven's gate.

Could young folks know the future's fulsome truth,
'Twould steal their smiles and fill their hearts
with care;
Would snatch the vim from many an ardent youth,
And brand his ways with symptoms of despair...

Perhaps 'tis well for youth to have conceit,—
Be optimistic as to the future's store;—
Were it not so, the start would be defeat,
And passing years would surely yield no more.

August 31st, 1901.

AN APPLICATION FOR A JOB

I do behold with some surprise,
In the "Record Want Ad" columns,
That thou didst choose to advertise
Where paragraphs speak volumes.

Your paragraph is well-designed,
And faithfully rehearses,
That you would be quite pleased to find
Adepts at writing verses.

As a "Rhymist" I must say
I am no ordinary;
If you can fix about the pay
I am your "huckleberry."

Why, I can rhyme in any field,
From the solemn to the funny,
Provided it will only yield
Its complement in money.

To give a briefness to the page,
A shortness to the story,
I must remark, I'm past the age
When I would write for glory.....

If you think that I will do,
To furnish rhymes so "canny,"
Write H. A. Maker, E.-S.-Q.-
At Carmel, "Indiany."

DISTANCE

“Distance lends enchantment to the view;”
Adds beauty to the raptured scene,
Gives to the lovely sky its hue,
Makes far-off fields look green.

It also gives a vastness unto space,
And force unto the driving winds;
Puts smiles upon a scowling face,—
The earthquake’s mighty force rescinds.

Distance covers up the criminal’s flight,
So that he thus evades the powers that be;
It also forms a boundary for the sight,
Gives breadth unto the roaring sea.

Likewise gives depth unto the mighty deep,
And length unto the placid streams,
Hight unto the rocky steep,
And fortunes unto youthful dreams.

In distance do we locate God’s abode,
And heaven that surrounds his throne,
Hell where wicked sinners’ souls are stowed,
And the rest of all the great unknown.

DISTANCE

Distance is within itself so vast
That naught has yet its limit crossed,
In it Creation's bounds are far surpassed,
And Infinity itself is lost.

Distance within its scope contains
All that was, that is, and is to be,
The Universe with all its wide domains,
The wizard Time, and vast Eternity.

1883.

MY REFUGE

There is naught that inhabits this vain world of
 woe,

 But has a place where to fly when 'tis hotly pursued;

A place that's secure from the hate of a foe,

 A spot where its enemies can not intrude;

Where it can say to its cares, "You may go,"—

 Where its fears of gross evils are quickly subdued,

Where its feelings of safety will soon stronger grow,

 And its faith in the future will soon be renewed.

The snake, he will crawl to his den in the rocks,

 And the wolf she will fly to her home in the cave;

The one whom earth's fortunes so tauntingly mocks,

 Finds refuge within the cool shades of the grave.

The man that is married, when misfortunes have
 come,

 Feels worried and troubled and weary of life,—

He a refuge soon finds in the precincts of home,

 And his heart is soon healed by the words of his
 wife.

He who has wrestled with great "ups" and "downs"

 (By the way his rude passions he can not control),

For awhile all his sorrow he cleverly drowns

 In the deep blushing goblet or broad brimming
 bowl.

MY REFUGE

The one that is strong in his clerical faith,
Though the pangs of his body are seventy-seven,
Relies on the words that so prettily saith
“Whatever befalls, there is refuge in heaven.”

Let the snake crawl away to his dark, slimy den.
The wolf fly away to her dark, filthy cave;
Let the misanthrope shun all the places of men,
And the luckless lie deep in the grave;

Let tipplers drown sorrow in the depths of the bowl,
Let wrongs grow to right in the workings of time;
Let the faithful be saved in the hope of his soul;—
My refuge is found in the realms of rhyme.

January, 1888.

A RETORT

Old as I am, I yet can sing
As sweet and plaintive as a dove;—
Can touch at pleasure any string
Upon the magic lyre of love.

Can call from out the spaces void
Sweet forms and faces fair,
The same as artists have employed
For angels everywhere.

I can with metaphors profuse,
Besmirch or gild another's fame,
Can, with just a pinch of muse,
To airy nothing give a name.

Forge out some metred classic clause,
That bears upon things yet to be;—
Give to the thing that is, or was,
A tinge of immortality.....

Indeed is age a sad disgrace,
That admits of no defense,
An unimportant, empty place,
Possessed of no emoluments.

A RETORT

O, no, when life has been well spent,
And age brings trophies of success,
Is it not taken by consent,
It is no bad thing to possess?....

Do I not wear these gray hairs well?—
And they become my brow,
When I the language can compel
To do my will as now.

THE UNCHALLENGED STORY

The unchallenged story is floating about,
 "This is a degenerate age;"
The truth of that story nobody can doubt,
 When we note the ideals that rage.

If judgment is formed from what newspapers say,
 Or from what the ballad girl sings,
We conclude all ideals in existence to-day
 Tend toward more voluptuous things.

If we glance at a schedule of newly made books,—
 Note those that are meeting best sale,—
We locate immediately one of the hooks,
 On which hangs the gist of the tale.

Those expressing their thoughts in dialect rhymes
 Are the poets whose praises are sung,
While their stanzas in truth are nothing but crimes
 Disgracing our elegant tongue.

Novels that treat of the soft-sided heart
 Are read to gratify self,
While history, poetry, science and art,
 Unread are let lie on the shelf.

The principal spirit extant in this day,
 The one that possesses most dash,
Is shown in the energy most men display
 In this spirited scramble for cash.

THE UNCHALLENGED STORY

Money to-day commands a respect
Far more than in days that have been,
And seems to possess a powerful effect,
To blur the repugnance of sin.

If they only get money,—it matters not how,—
The world at attention will stand;
Society's dukes in deference bow,
And beauty is at their command.

So long as we judge things by such a scale,
And money such merits command,
Virtue and right will be ever on sale,
And corruption will stalk through the land.

And no one on earth would dare to deny
The story that blackens the page,
That most our ideals are far from too high,
And this "a degenerate age."

June 12th, 1902.

THE APPOINTED TIME TO DIE

Past these varied scenes of busy strife,
Awaits for all a fateful day,
When this frail substance we call life
Shall quit its tenement of clay.

There is a time for every one to die,
To cease this dull routine of toil;
To lay life's onerous burdens by
And "shuffle off this mortal coil."

The question is with most of thoughtful men,
What are the things by which we must infer,
The kind of signs that are to tell us when
That real sad happening should occur?

Should it be in childhood's happy hours?
In being's roseate period, when
Life's prospects are as lovely as the flowers?
Oh! No—not then—not then!

Should it be in manhood's useful prime,
When consort, children, and society depend
On him for necessities that make time
Tolerable for life unto the end?

THE APPOINTED TIME TO DIE

Or should it be when one is full of years,
When all the charms of life have taken wing?
When existence one great, somber blank appears,
“Sans teeth, sans eyes, sans taste, sans every-
thing”?....

When one has rounded out his three-score years and
ten,
And added a decade of borrowed time,
It seems to me that his departure then
Would better be than in his youth or prime.

The proper time is—were we to make a guess—
When his biographer can cite a full career,—
Can tell a story of great usefulness
To his fellow man through many a busy year.

August 1st, 1902.

EARLY MEMORIES

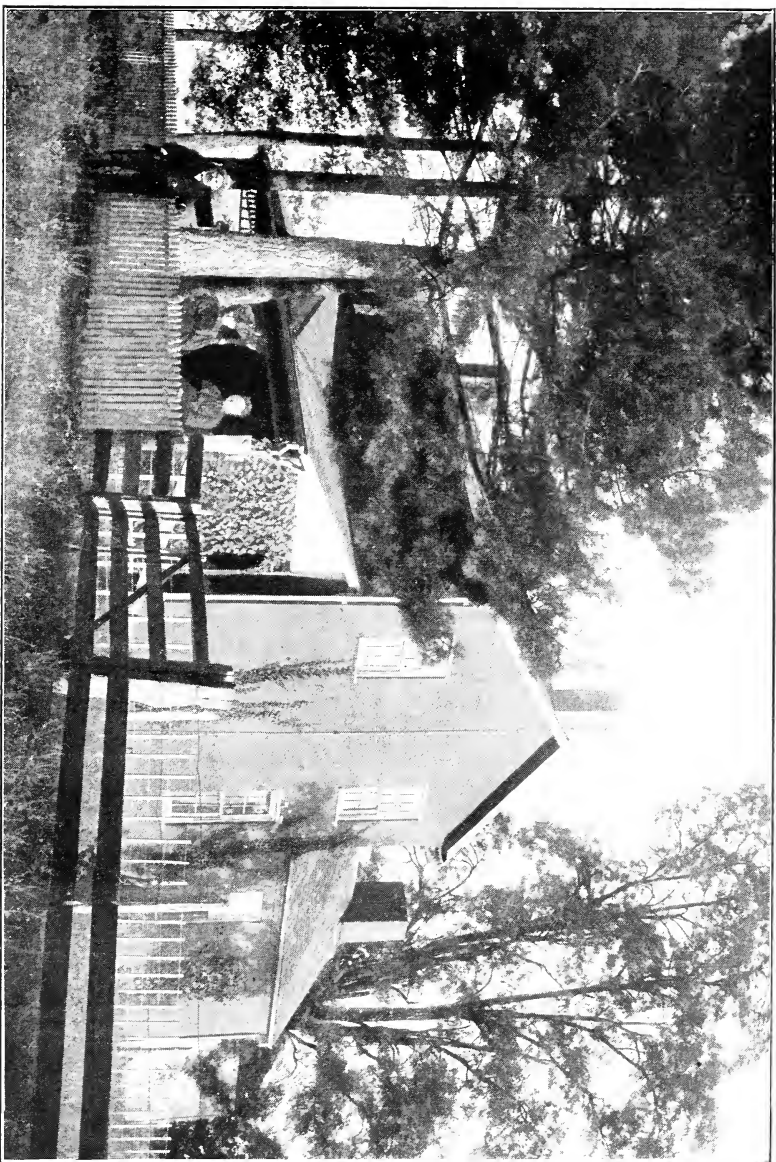
There's a halo that hangs 'round the place of our
birth,
That imparts an ethereal glow,
That makes it the most hallowed spot on the earth,
The sweetest our memories know.

When by reflection we fully retrace
Our careers through the years that are gone,
There is nothing extant more dear than the place
That hailed us at memory's dawn.

What exquisite charm tenaciously clings
To our minds wherever we be,
That renders as holy and sacred the things
That happened around mother's knee.

As our minds run back to when we were boys,
What a sense of delight it imparts,
How the dogs, and the ponies, the cats and the toys,
Become idols most dear to the heart.

How deftly the hands of reflection entwine,
In spite of this world and its ways,
The things that it takes to convert to a shrine
Each several place of our plays.



...THERE'S A HALO HANGS 'ROUND THE PLACE OF OUR BIRTH..

EARLY MEMORIES

Memory, the artist, intrusively paints
On our minds as women and men,
Pictures sublime that convert into saints
The persons that played with us then.

It matters not where our lots may be cast,
How our fortunes may rise or may fall,
The memories of childhood will cling to the last,
And be ever the dearest of all.

January 1st, 1906.

STROLLING AT MIDNIGHT

It is sweet to stroll at the midnight hour,
When the Lyre past the zenith is straying;
When the planets shine forth in their lustiest power,
And the meteors swiftly are playing.

When terrestrial forces of nature are dead,
Save the fireflies' flash in the thicket;
No sounds extant save your echoing tread,
And the dull "seed-seed" of the cricket.

The stillness such a resonance brings,
And the hour such solemnity carries,
You can hear the swish of angels' wings,
And the murmuring whisper of fairies,

As they softly speak of the long ago,
Of the past and its many pleasures;
Of the dear old friends that we used to know,
And of things the memory treasures.

STROLLING AT MIDNIGHT

It seems as if, without much ado,
The mind becomes a rover,
The past turns out in grand review,
And we live the old days over.

Who would not for the moment be,
Freed from the world's cajoling,
Forswear all cares and go like me
At the midnight hour a-strolling.

February 7th, 1906.

SONNET TO WHITE RIVER

I love to sit beside thy silent stream,
Whose ceaseless current ever onward flows;
Whose surface sparkles like the pageants of a
dream,
In every little bustling breeze that blows;
Sitting here in idle, calm repose,
And gazing on thy bosom it would seem
That I forget the scope of human woes,
And lose myself in thy resplendent gleam;
Lost though I be, my fancies ever teem
With beauty that expands and grows,
And radiates with each reflected beam,
Till going day his lengthening shadow throws,
And I arise, and as the raptured vision goes,
I turn and thank thee for this respite, silent stream.

November 26th, 1905.

SONNET TO SPRING

All hail, the choicest season of the year,
The bright, blithe, balmy, beauteous spring,
Whose glowing warmth makes winter disappear,
And instills new life in every living thing,
Makes plants and trees their vernal verdure fling,
O'er stems and branches lately "brown and sear,"
And birds to mount on gay and lofty wing,
And carol forth to charm each listening ear;
And streaks with flowers the landscape far and
near,
While droning bees to every blossom cling;—
In pleasing tones most passing sweet to hear,
And loud enough to "make the welkin ring,"
All nature as one universal choir doth sing,
"All hail the choicest season of the year."

February 27th, 1906.

*PARODY

OF THE TRANSLATION OF THE FIRST EIGHT LINES
OF "THE DYING CHILD," BY HANS
CHRISTIAN ANDERSEN

Darling, I would fain be sleeping;
Let me repose upon thy bosom seek;
But promise me thou wilt continue heaping
Countless kisses on my ruddy cheek.
Within my breast my heart it raveth madly,—
Madly as the howling storm above;
With deep emotion I turn to the gladly,—
Tell me darling, is this love?

February, 1878.

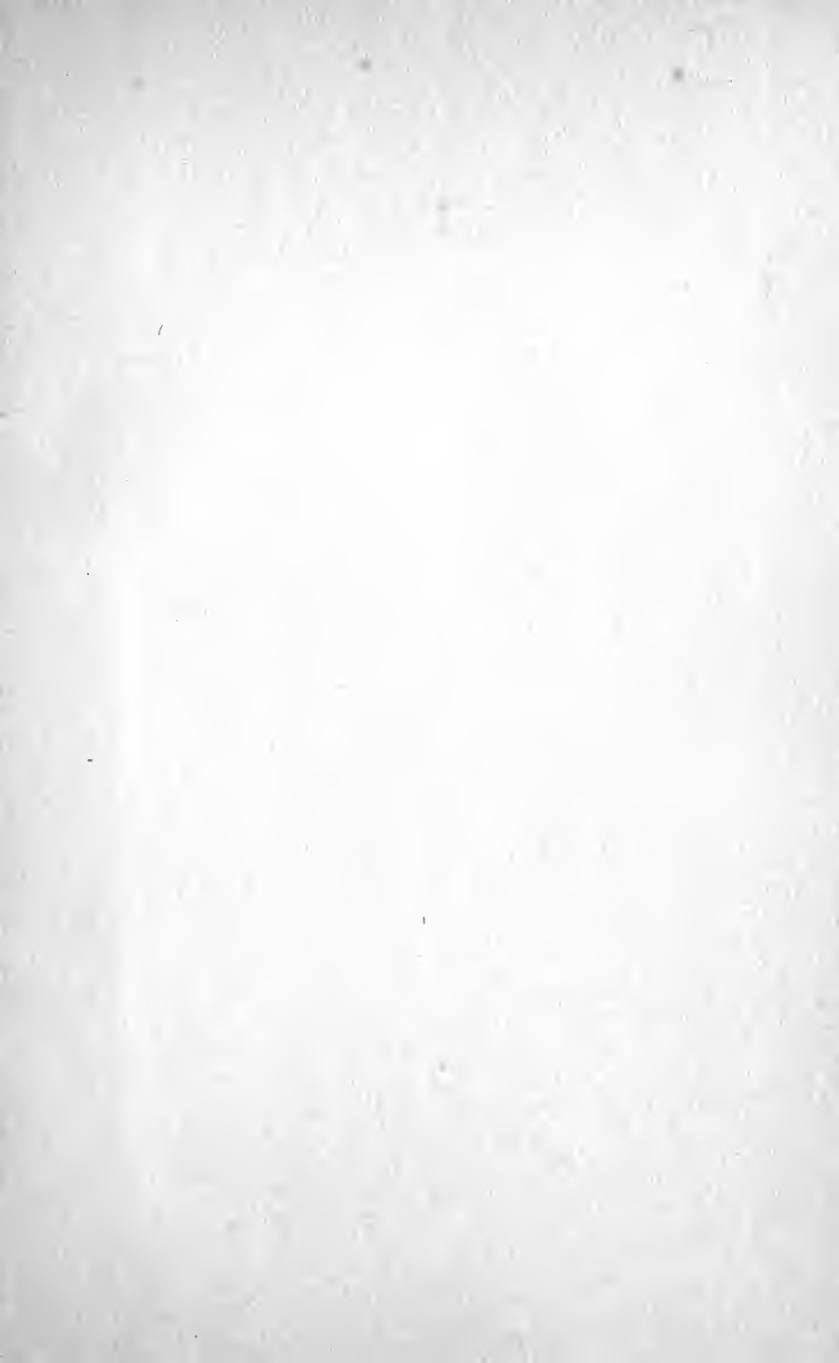
*This is my earliest surviving production. It is a piece I carried in my memory for nearly thirty years.

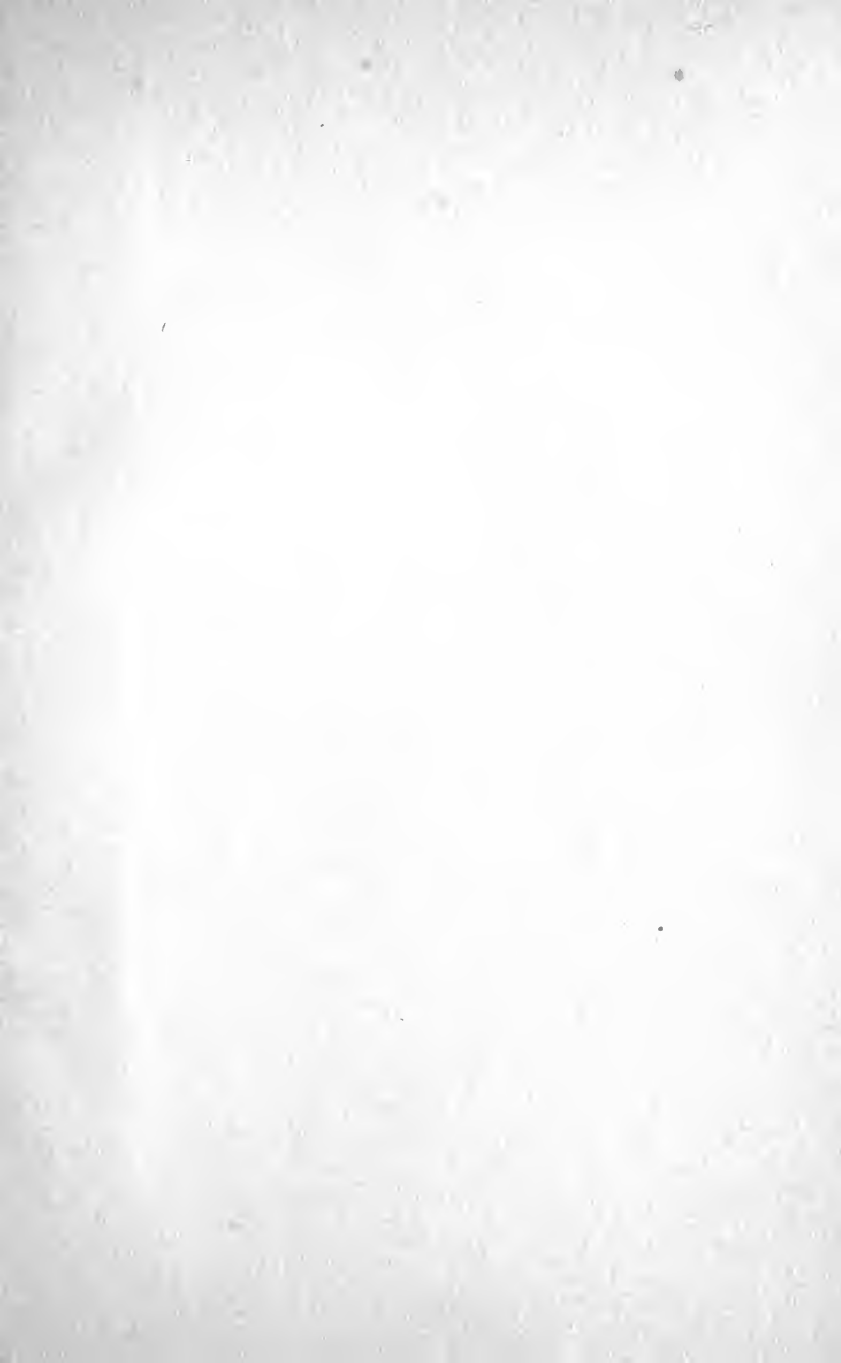
FINIS

Finished well or incomplete,
I deem it proper time to quit,
And Byron's pithy words repeat,
That "what is writ, is writ."

Whatever be this volume's store,
I with frankness must confess,
My vanity can't make it more,
Nor my evil-wishers make it less.

I trust this little book of rhyme
May be my passport unto fame,
And forever at the bar of time
Plead with oblivion for my name.

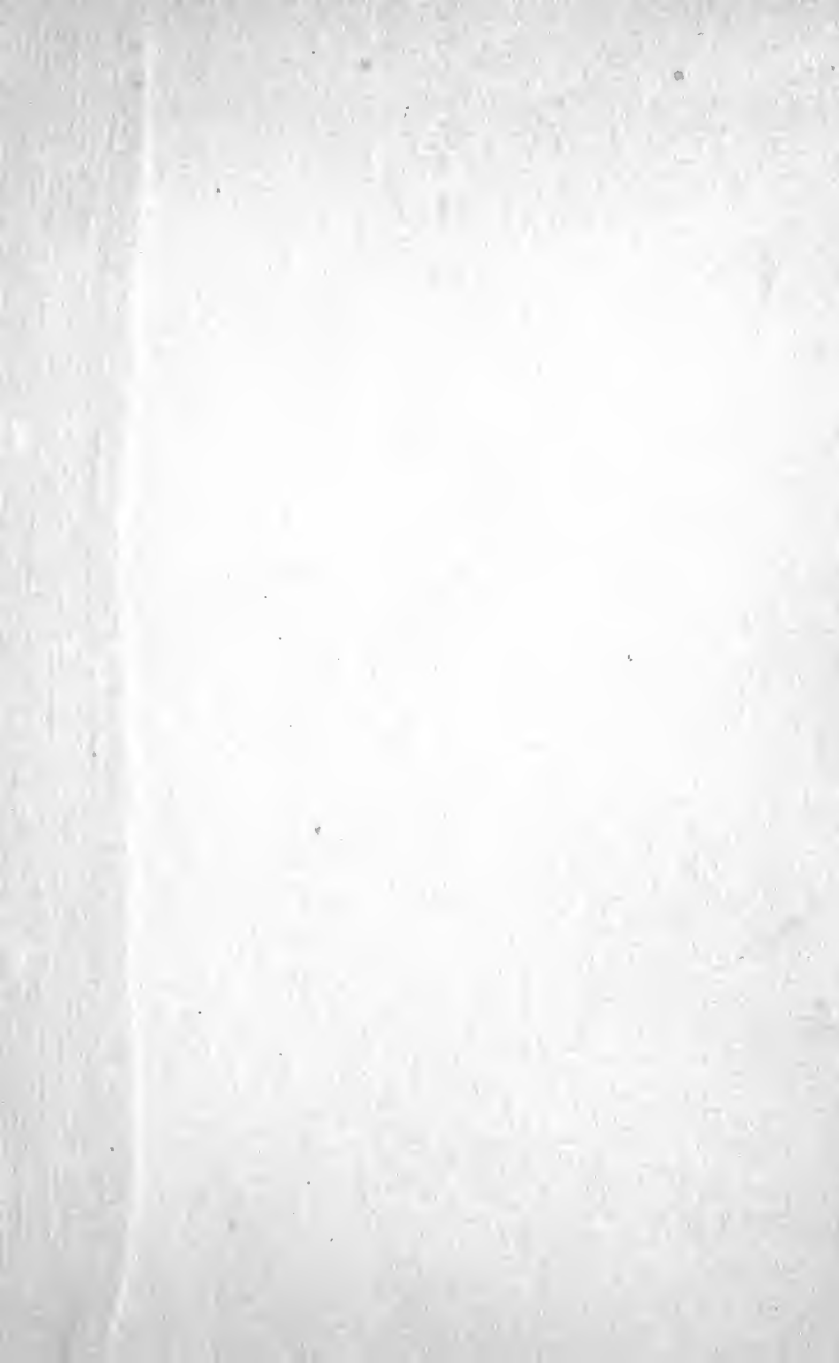








NOV 12 1906



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



0 020 994 442 A